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PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

MONEY, ETHICS AND CONGRESS

Representative Tony Coelho and Speaker Jim Wright are gone, and the pundits are moving from hand-wringing over ethics to the need for "healing" qualities in the new leadership team. All of which misses the point, or at least misses a chance for meaningful reform.

Instead of focusing on personal conduct and character, about which Congress and the Democrats can do little, they ought to be scrutinizing the role of special interests, about which they can do much. But typically, the House ethics committee dropped the charge that Wright intervened legislatively on behalf of S&L bandits. And Democrats still remember Coelho warmly for masterminding the effort to attract money from PACs and various corporate quarters—the Reaganization of the party.

The odds-on favorites for the new House leadership team, Thomas Foley and Richard Gephardt, may be healers, but what is the real hope that they will move to change the way Congress does its business? Both have raked in bundles of PAC money for races in which they faced no real opposition, and Gephardt has been the point man in Congress for a number of industries. They seem an unlikely pair to push even the most minimal reforms: a ban on honorariums; an end to travel subsidized by special interests; and a limit on campaign finance to de-PAC elections.

If Foley and Gephardt want to do something about the integrity of the legislative process, they will press for these changes. And if the Republicans try to block such legislation, as they have campaign reform in the Senate, then the new Democratic leaders should act as leaders and convince their party colleagues voluntarily and unilaterally to kick the habits of PACs, honorariums and free travel. Doing so would show that Democrats no longer suffer from elephantiasis.

BREEZE LIKE HONEY
Edward Hoagland

DEATH IN THE PHILIPPINES
Ninotchka Rosca

WALLEYE WARFARE
Jim Oberly

A NICARAGUAN ODYSSEY
Joan Peters

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'STARMITES' 'THE VIGIL'
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WHITE HOUSE SECRET POWERS

THE BACKBONE OF HIDDEN GOVERNMENT

EVE PELL

Secret presidential decrees have propelled America into some of the most dramatic and controversial events of the past four decades: In Cuba, in Southeast Asia, in Lebanon and Grenada, men and women have fought and died as a result of them. Yet most Americans are unaware of National Security Decision Directives, perhaps the most powerful and hidden tool of the Oval Office. During his eight years in office, Ronald Reagan issued approximately 300 of these N.S.D.D.s; George Bush has already begun his own series.

It was an N.S.D.D. that allotted millions for the Central Intelligence Agency to start arming and training *contra* soldiers. An N.S.D.D. led to a U.S.-sponsored car bombing in Beirut that killed eighty civilians in an ill-fated attempt to assassinate a Moslem fundamentalist leader. An N.S.D.D. authorized the U.S. invasion of Grenada. Another forced millions of U.S. government employees and contractors to sign secrecy agreements. According to a report in *The Washington Post*, an N.S.D.D. pushed NASA into a rush schedule for the space shuttle, contributing to the Challenger disaster in 1986.

Those who watched the Iran/*contra* hearings heard about executive orders and presidential findings. But N.S.D.D.s are different: Unlike executive orders, which are listed in the Federal Register, or presidential findings, which are made known to the House and Senate Intelligence Committees, N.S.D.D.s do not have to be revealed to any other branch of govern-

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EXCHANGE.

The following completes the May 1 "Exchange" on gay rights and AIDS.

DARRELL YATES RIST REPLIES

New York City

Virtually everyone who has interviewed me since the publication of my article on AIDS and gay rights ["AIDS as Apocalypse: The Deadly Costs of an Obsession," Feb. 13] has asked me this question: "Did you expect so much angry controversy?" I expected debate and perhaps the anger. I did not expect the venom, though certainly I ought to have anticipated it. It is tragic that there can be no viable common ground, no compromise. On a PBS talk show in April, when I reiterated my position—that, while battling first for social tolerance and civil rights, we cannot yield a moment of our energy in fighting AIDS—a young spokesman for ACT UP snapped, "Don't try to agree with AIDS activists! We don't *want* you to agree with us!" A week or so before, on NPR, a lesbian in ACT UP—who, ironically, also does AIDS education at an impoverished gay youth organization—urged my banishment from New York City's Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, in punishment for that same position. And I wonder, never wholly satisfied with my answers, how it is that these people have so little heart for suffering that doesn't start with a virus, so little passion for the wholeness of their own lives, whether they are infected with the "AIDS germ" or not. I wonder how much pity and rage they would feel for the two rural North Carolina mothers I visited last summer, whose children, in their early 20s, were executed, their bodies burned by the K.K.K. because their assassins accused them of being queer.

This, while Robert Massa, who writes on AIDS and gay rights for *The Village Voice*, remarks in *The Nation* ["Exchange," May 1], "Even if AIDS had distracted from other battles, so what? Infectious disease *is* a more urgent issue than gay rights." He then adds, more apropos of the North Carolinian mothers' grief than he ever might have thought, "What do civil rights mean in the grave?"

The constant threat of terror of some kind in the United States (plaguing women, the poor and the racially despised, along with the sexually "different") is the knife-blade tactic by which this tyrant society extorts compliance. It has always seemed to me curious, at least, that homosexually identified men and women, as a movement, more often act as if bigotry, violence and repressive laws are mere matters of political inconvenience or social irritation rather than horrors deadly to the body and the soul. We've no doubt grown used to the silent, persistent punishment, and in our accommodation to it have grown dead to the pain, from which stupor only the AIDS epidemic, with its newness and drama and its smoldering metaphor of iniquity and sexual death, its easy manipulation of heterosexual sympathies, has fervently and single-mindedly aroused us. Or as one well-off, 30-ish man confessed last year at a planning meeting for a national grass-roots conference on gay rights, "I've never seen what the problem is, once we solve AIDS."

For a year or so, I've been seeing a weekly quarter-page ad in several gay newspapers that reads, "More Gay Men and Lesbians Have Died From Chemical Dependency Than From AIDS"—an odd statement, I thought, with no time reference in it. It is signed "Pride Institute," a Minneapolis inpatient drug and alcohol treatment center for gay men and lesbians. One out of every three homosexual men and women, 7 million total, the text reports, is "struggling with the disease of chemical dependency"—more than seven times the number of men estimated by the Centers for Disease Control to have been infected with the "AIDS virus" through intercourse.

To be sure, the Pride Institute's statistics were as foggy as those terrifying infection and mortality rates commonly quoted for AIDS: 10 percent of the U.S. population (the oft-cited count of gay men and lesbians in the population) multiplied by some 35 percent (the proportion of self-identified homosexuals who are substance abusers, according to some studies). I asked Donald Wert, Pride's director, why substance abuse might be so high among homosexuals. He ventured, "It is only reasonable that chemical dependency in the gay community is related to homophobia in society and the internalized homophobia of individual gay men and lesbians."

We all want easy answers, even where there are none. But it is axiomatic, indeed, that men and women will seek relief from oppression and self-hatred, and that their means will usually be self-destructive. (Who would contradict the relationship of white bigotry and black and Latino self-disgust to the epidemic drug abuse among this country's ghetto populations?) In the past ten years, according to the C.D.C., 32,126 "homosexual and bisexual" men died of AIDS; some 97,500 homosexual men and women (if we are to go along with the estimate that 10 percent of the population is homosexual) died of alcohol-related causes, quite aside from the toll of all other drug abuses.

I don't much trust all these paltry numbers, anyway. In a repressive society such as this, I suspect that if we paused to calculate the cost of our servitude, among both "gays" and "straights"—in terms of "chemical dependency," crippling depression, suicides and lives so otherwise self-destructive they are living deaths—it would quite crush our sense of survival. In any case, I am not trying to set up one new gruesome cause to take the place of AIDS. There is no single horror to combat. Life is murky, not so easily resolved (as at least one brand of AIDS activist would want it) with an antidote for a virus. Without some other wholeness, a cure for AIDS will bring us nothing.

This is the very truth ACT UP–type activists and those observers who dote on them refuse to grasp. In his evangelistic denunciation of my rhetoric and politics in the May 1 *Nation* exchange, Mark Gevisser, a *Nation* writer and ACT UP apologist, evokes the "homeless gay man with AIDS on the streets of San Francisco's Tenderloin district," whom I mentioned in my article. "What," Gevisser demands, "does Rist think that homeless gay man wants? Education for gay youth? The right to marry his lover? If he wants and needs anything, it's health care; it's the end to discrimination against people with AIDS; it's medical treatment; it's anything that might cure his illness or alleviate his symptoms." This story for Mark Gevisser: In Key West this spring I met a homeless man in the men's room at the beach, early 20s, about Mark's age. He caught my eye and leaned back on the toilet, which was unenclosed in the room, to expose his cock. He smelled of alcohol. His pupils were unnaturally wide—crack? speed? heroin? He was dazed. "Joey," he told me his name. His ball-point-pen tattoo read, "ITALIANO." Stroking himself, he whispered plaintively, "I'm hungry. I need a couple dollars. Do you have a pad?" I told him no. He stood, turned and, climbing up on the rim of the toilet on his knees, offered me his ass. "Just a couple bucks," he said.

"You get fucked a lot?" I whispered back. "You use rubbers?"

"I don't have none, man," he said. "It's O.K. Fuck me. Just a couple bucks. I gotta eat."

There are AIDS organizations in Key West, but no gay rights groups (sodomy in Florida gets you twenty years) or gay help groups for people like Joey. What would Gevisser and his ACT UP comrades give Joey first? How much of the spread of AIDS is rooted not just in others' bigotry but in poverty and drug abuse (aside from sharing needles)—or in our impulse for self-destruction? What fatal, incurable diseases other than AIDS is Joey at risk for? What *one* thing would any of us offer Joey to save his life?

I would not have AIDS activists be silent. Nor would I begrudge any legitimate AIDS organization a farthing of its wealth, contrary to the overmuch protest of Timothy Sweeney, deputy executive director for policy at Gay Men's Health Crisis, in his May 1 letter to *The Nation.* I would, though—and this doesn't seem to me a mean-spirited proposal—have every AIDS

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EDITORIALS.

By the Numbers

After complaining in absurdly shrill voices for months that the Soviet Union is engaged in public relations and not in serious arms control projects, the Bush Administration has retreated before the Soviet peace offensive. The proposals presented by President Bush at the NATO meeting in Brussels drop previous U.S. objections to reciprocal cuts in troop levels and in numbers of aircraft and helicopters. Bush, incorporating standing agreements in principle between NATO and the Warsaw Pact to reduce armor and artillery, now agrees to a 10 percent drop in U.S. troop strength in Europe in return for a cut of more than 50 percent in Soviet forces. The two sides are each to reduce their aircraft and helicopter fleets by 15 percent—and all of this is to be accomplished by 1992 or 1993. François Mitterrand and Margaret Thatcher were loud in their reservations. Thatcher openly scoffed at the unrealistically early target date. True to the norms of hypocrisy that govern these matters, they nevertheless proclaimed Bush a great leader.

To generate these proposals, Bush had to keep his own sclerotic bureaucracy out of the discussion. The moderniza-

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tion of the Lance missiles in Germany, only weeks ago declared by the White House to be the sine qua non of the survival of our civilization, has quite disappeared from the agenda. It is entirely unclear why national security adviser Brent Scowcroft and his deputy, the *glasnost*ophobe C.I.A. officer Robert Gates, do not resign; these are the measures, after all, they warned us against. Meanwhile, the French have explicitly refused to include their aircraft in the NATO totals. Their planes carry their own nuclear weapons, and they strenuously disbelieve the U.S. strategic nuclear guarantee of Europe. So do the British, and the objections of these nations may well be welcome to many in the U.S. national security apparatus. They can regret British and French obduracy publicly but privately rejoice at the possibility of blocking negotiations with the Soviet Union indefinitely.

Meanwhile, the NATO allies have agreed to a statement that postpones resolution of the deep conflict between the Germans (and some of the other continentals) and the Americans and British on short-range nuclear weapons in Germany. Negotiations on partial reductions of these (the Germans seek, ultimately, total elimination) will begin only if progress is made on the cuts in troops and conventional weapons. Since the deadlines for these are unrealistic, the re-emergence of controversy sooner rather than later is inevitable. Mikhail Gorbachev is due in Bonn on June 12, right before the European elections of June 18. He will surely appeal to German and European opinion in terms that will make the agreement look as untenable as it is. (In a moment of candor, Bush termed it "blah blah.") The German opposition depicted Helmut Kohl and Hans-Dietrich Genscher as national lions before Brussels but Atlanticist lambs after it.

The real problem with the Bush initiative is its unreflective and spasmodic character. Bush has no idea of what to do about the larger pattern of East-West relations, what to say to the Soviet-bloc states (apart from derisive injunctions like his comment to Poland to submit to the dictates of the International Monetary Fund) or what to seek in place of arrangements that are now all-too-visibly outdated and actually dissolving. After shouting for decades that East-West relations are not matters of arms alone, Bush and that large segment of our ruling elite he represents can speak only the language of numbers. His remark that Gorbachev might welcome troop reductions to assist him in his budgetary difficulties, moreover, qualifies as a superb example of what the psychoanalysts term projection. Our own unmet social needs accumulate, with potentially explosive consequences, while the White House, the Pentagon and the State Department desperately point to military threats that they are now forced, piecemeal, to deny.

Bush's minimal capitulation to reality is a triumph for public opinion in the Western democracies, including our own—but, measured against the demands and possibilities of the hour, it is a pathetically limited one.

Nevertheless, Bush may have learned something. German President Richard von Weizsäcker explained to him what he had meant by declaring, "We are not a great power, but we are not anyone's plaything, either." He talked, that is, about denuclearization in a new Europe. Since von Weizsäcker expressed views Bush does not usually hear, Americans as well as Europeans may eventually profit from his pedagogy.

Spring

Foxes jubilantly mouse in the fields or dig up moles; raccoons munch grubs. Wild turkeys venture out of the woods with beagly gobbles. May's perfervid grass, stippled with white clover flowers, is a definitive green, and the ground underfoot has regained its resilience. Infant raspberry-red cones hang on some spruces' boughs. Small ferns that went tatty and brown in the snow are springing up fresh. The mountains are color-coded in temperature zones; and deer, fattening in the fields, only frisk away when a dog rushes after them, instead of fearfully panting.

Blue herons sit on their nests, and there are other surprises a walk may bring—a migrating osprey, even a gyrfalcon. As the first flocks of barnstorming swallows arrive, the snowshoe hares are losing the last of their white camouflage, assuming dun colors. Red squirrels chitter like ringing phones, flourishing their tails imperiously, like a bandmaster's hands. A rainy warm evening brings out the toads, traveling toward their breeding pools, though snakes lie in wait for them.

A friend who used to whistle walking to school now whistles to his caged cockatiel through the winter. But in the spring he and this crested bird almost ignore one another, keeping an ear peeled out-of-doors for wrens, ovenbirds, catbirds. The trout fishing gets good as the wild cherries bloom; and when oak leaves and maple seed-keys reach a certain early stage of development, he can find morel mushrooms. Winter's astringence seems to leap from the soil in rhubarb pies, but sweet peas will soon follow. Taking a sauna is no longer punishing when he plunges out of the hotbox into the pool. The steely sky turns dove gray, and in the moonlight (back in February, often so brutal), tree shadows finger the meadow. The breeze smells like honey, the moon has grown tender.

EDWARD HOAGLAND

Edward Hoagland's most recent book is Heart's Desire, *a collection of essays (Summit).*

Exxon's One-Act

The curtain rose on a nondescript hotel set back from a highway in Parsippany, New Jersey. Lining the driveway, cardboard tombstones bore the names of despoiled bays and inlets in Alaska. Buskers on stilts, dressed as bankers or stockholders with what looked like greenbacks spilling out of their attaché cases, moved around the parking lot. Protesters in blue jeans waved placards, one of which declared, "Exxon Is Organized Crime." A nearby police cruiser carried the

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marking, "Crime Prevention Unit." Metal detectors and armed policemen supplemented the smiling corporate receptionists around the hotel entrance.

Scene Two in this May 18 one-act drama, *The Annual Shareholders Meeting of the Exxon Corporation*, unfolded in the hotel's ballroom before some 1,700 stockholders. On the dais, costumed in modern corporate garb, sat the principal players: the Chairman of the Board, the President and the Secretary. Facing them from the first row was the Board of Directors, a somberly dressed Chorus ready to chant its moral support should the Furies unleash their wrath on the beleaguered triumvirate.

Lawrence Rawl, with Exxon since 1952, played the Chairman, holding his audience for more than four and a half hours without a break, save occasionally in his voice. His script tended to be straightforward rather than poetic. He emphasized how profoundly sorry the company was for the harm the Exxon Valdez oil spill had done to the environment and to the people in the affected region. He reiterated Exxon's pledge to do all in its power to clean up the mess caused by what he insisted was "human error." He also reminded any potential challengers to the legitimacy of his regime that earnings per share were up 15 percent over 1987, that the company was in very good shape and that it could pay all necessary cleanup costs without impairing its financial strength.

Next an embarrassingly upbeat videotape was shown: *National Geographic* scenery, soothing narration and interviews with Alaskans, all radiating so much optimism (at considerable variance with news reports and official statements, and even with the Chairman's own description of the accident as "major") that one expected the next scene to be a trained otter act flown in directly from Prince William Sound. Alas, this was not to be. Audience participation followed.

Several thoughtful and cogent proposals came from environmentalists and investor spokespersons, among them calls for a billion-dollar trust fund for ecological restoration and for holding off on the development of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. Rawl rejected the first and ignored the second. He did reaffirm the company's commitment to add a "suitable" environmentalist to the Board (to join the requisite woman and black members). There were critical comments about Exxon's managerial culpability for cutting corners on safety and being somewhat casual about disaster planning.

But many speakers seemed intent on goading the tiger in his own lair, as if playing for hometown reviews while forgetting about trying to reach the rather bored and slightly uncomfortable matinee audience. Demands from activists for the immediate resignation of the Board met with the reminder that this was Parsippany, not Yokohama; the Chairman was not prepared to commit either financial or physical hara-kiri. This geographic and cultural affirmation received strong applause, suggesting the shareholders' Western sense of moderation as well as their anticipation of just dividends for the faithful. One passionate critic ended his assault on the audacity of the Board for seeking re-election and reward by stating that the Chairman had written his own epitaph: Rawl the Exxon Slimeball. "He has a way with words" was the Chairman's response to the somewhat shocked house.

A few veteran champions of stockholder rights seemed to develop a microphone fixation. One persistent speaker kept crooning "Larry, Larry" across the crowded ballroom, seeking the continued attention of the Chairman. But before she was cut off electronically (her unamplified and unrequited calls were to continue throughout), she did manage to nominate Gary Hart for the Board. This afforded the Chairman an opportunity to ad-lib one of the better lines of the day while also inserting quietly a necessary truth into the proceedings. He pointed out that the management already controlled 991 million shares through proxies and he was loath to deliver another blow to the former Senator.

There were moments of insight, as is often the case when people speak from direct experience. A young woman from Pennsylvania who worked for Exxon told of the patronizing responses the company had given when she and her fellow employees, many of them the sons and daughters of coal miners, raised health and safety questions: Don't worry, We won't hurt you, It's none of your business, and You wouldn't understand were the only answers offered to them. A lifelong fisherman from Prince William Sound described a new spill, not of oil but of cash, from Exxon as it tries to buy a new public image rather than do the right thing.

For all the drama, there seemed to be a lost opportunity at the meeting for raising fundamental questions about energy and development, about corporate power and accountability (though some of these concerns were articulated in the demonstrations outside). Less focus was needed upon a ship captain's craving for alcohol and more upon an industrial nation's mindless thirst for nonrenewable energy. But shareholders generally do not buy stock or attend such meetings out of a passion for corporate citizenship. To no one's great surprise, shareholder policy proposals on a range of issues were roundly defeated, and management's recommendations carried easily. The silent but loyal Board was returned to office by a vote of 1,036,667,593 shares; 12,602,121 shares were withheld in opposition. As Rawl observed afterward, given the scenario he had feared the meeting did not go too badly at all. To get its public and its reputation back, Exxon would have to learn to communicate better.

One can appreciate the company's relief that there was to be only one performance this year and no road shows. For if the most recent Harris poll on Exxon's role in the Valdez spill is any guide, a staging away from the comforting audience of stockholders would draw very little applause. Judging by the number of legal actions already intimated, there is a greater likelihood of indictments and subpoenas than of bouquets waiting in the wings. ROBERT ENGLER

Robert Engler is the author of The Politics of Oil *and* The Brotherhood of Oil *(both University of Chicago Press). He is the Professor of World Politics of Peace and War at Princeton University this year.*

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Despite its many painterly glories and its bolts of brilliant humor and bitterness, the exhibition on Goya and the Spirit of Enlightenment at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City suffers from the appearance of having been edited to suit a liberal sensibility. There are plenty of satires on monarchy, clergy and stupidity—in one study, a grinning donkey proudly displays a family tree of long-eared, braying likenesses to show the purity of his pedigree—but the total effect is almost cheerfully defiant, like a successful lampoon. Whereas if one spends a few hours in the Prado in Madrid, which for so long consigned Goya's best work to an archive, the effect is one of sobering pessimism and occasional despair. Nothing could be more "modern" than *The Disasters of War*, engraved with an almost sadistic attention to detail at a time when *Guernica* was still more than a century in the future.

One should never miss an opportunity to celebrate the Enlightenment or to mock priestcraft and the worship of mediocre princes and tycoons. And probably there has never been a finer vial of scorn than the one that Goya emptied so gracefully over the clowns and toadies and witch doctors who made up the Spanish "restoration of traditional values." In the *Caprichos*, the series that forms the centerpiece of this exhibition, Goya could hardly bring himself to represent such people as human. The etchings pullulate with freaks: depraved, slobbering bats and goblins and ghouls. It is not surprising that the Inquisition was so quick to try to repress them. The etching titled *The Sleep of Reason Brings Forth Monsters* is almost expressly intended to infuriate those who believe that evil spirits hover about us, bringing with them the necessity of the protection of mother church.

Long before the Vienna school, also, Goya appears to have guessed at the latent connection between sexual repression and the other kinds. There is an awful lubricity and hypocrisy on the faces of his monks and friars, and a definite and felt relationship between those qualities and the uses of torture and slavery. Very little about the atrocities of our great twentieth century would have astonished this artist.

The choice of the donkey as the prime symbol of stupidity is an intriguing and unsettling one, however. Goya's burros are everywhere, and it's clear that though they stand for the irredeemable and the benighted, they also represent in some measure their more traditional metaphoric counterpart, which is the common people, the millennial peasantry. It was a cliché of feudalism to say that it treated men like horses and horses like men; in the more rugged versions of this mode of production, such as we know the Spanish to have been, there were many serfs who would have been glad of the consideration that a property owner lavished on a mule.

Goya was one of those who identified "enlightenment" with privilege and refinement. He was, whatever his private opinions, a court painter. Moreover, he was one of a considerable group of Spaniards who could identify the cause of the Enlightenment only with the cause of France—which happened at crucial times in his life to be also the enemy of Spanish independence. He was not the first sympathizer of revolution to be accused of being, by way of his sympathy, both a snob and the agent de facto of a foreign power.

This is what gives *The Disasters of War* and *The Third of May* their terrible quality. Many Spaniards, often the most humble, fought with desperate bravery and ferocity against a French presence which, at least in its proclaimed ideas, was more "enlightened" than any native Spanish regime aspired to be. For Goya, who had factions to contend with and self-preservation to think about, this tension between country and cause was acute, and could in the end be solved only by voluntary exile in France. For him, the Spanish mob was at least as often an instrument of reaction as it was the cry of the oppressed. The frenzies of superstition and the occult, the great carnivals of cruelty and credulity that attended the witch trials of the Inquisition, were frequently the demonstration of authentic popular feeling.

In one of his albums, not represented in this exhibition, Goya shows a peasant groaning under the weight of a squat, bloated friar—and captions the picture: "Will you never learn what you are carrying on your back?" He saw the rule of the unenlightened as a fraud in which the powerless colluded, and a form of sadomasochism in which they could be actively enlisted if things went sufficiently wrong. This is a prefiguration of modern fascism, evidently registered by a very lonely man who had finally to ask whether it was he who was mad, or everybody else.

Lasting, too, are the pictures of individual rather than mass victims of authority. Their offenses are detailed as they stand, appallingly abject, before the cowled figures of the Inquisition: *For Being a Jew*; *For Wagging His Tongue in a Different Way*; *For Discovering the Movement of the Earth*; *For Having Been Born Elsewhere*. In *For Being a Liberal?*, one of the most harrowing of these, Goya depicts a woman fettered by the neck and suggests the imminence of that special symbol of Spanish reaction, the garrote. Here outrage was being expressed by someone who saw no great hope for justice, and who could bear witness against injustice only as a fortunate, if nervous, individual.

Goya did not idealize "the people" and was more inclined to notice savagery than nobility in human nature. The "human nature" argument has been allowed to waste a lot of liberal time, and keeps emerging as the subtext of contemporary arguments about crime, race, evil and other areas where reactionaries feel that the instinctive gives them the upper hand. It is the special achievement of Goya to have been a radical pessimist; to have forced our attention upon the base and the ghastly aspects of the human personality while not surrendering to them or ceasing to protest their official instatement. He had few illusions to lose—fewer perhaps than many liberals of today, whose optimism would have buckled if forced by a circumstance like that of Spain in 1812.

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ARTICLES.

POVERTY AND ASSASSINATION

'Total War' in The Philippines

NINOTCHKA ROSCA

Manila

A women's organization reports on the arrest of its campaigners for breast-feeding. Commuters whisper about a bus halted at a military checkpoint where passengers wearing the *tubao* (head scarf) are detained. Community activists are furious over the demolition by soldiers of a water-powered rice thresher. Workers tally the number of trade unionists found dead, hogtied and mutilated, in the cogon grass. A woman calmly recounts that, after a meal at a Chinese restaurant, she's arrested by the police, sexually molested and jailed for months. The amazing thing is that such stories are hardly considered news, so inured to the bizarre has Philippine society become since 1986.

On the other hand, a returning resident is besieged by queries as to what kind of car he's brought home (by executive order, he's allowed this) and is offered payment in hard cash. Luxury cars are in demand—B.M.W.s, Mercedes-Benzes and Porsches—which has meant profit for some officers of the Asian Development Bank, who bring them in duty-free. Also brought in from overseas are apples and grapes, perfumes and cosmetics, chocolate bars and even underwear. And at any time, a ball for a simpering debutante is likely to be in progress at a five-star hotel to the tune of a million pesos (about $50,000).

Equally amazing is the fact that such stories are hardly considered news, so shameless has Philippine society become in its conspicuous consumption since 1986.

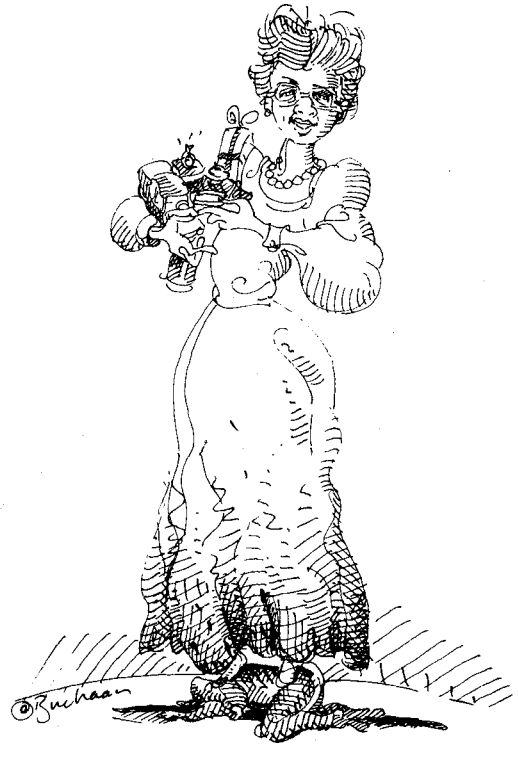
With the fall of the twenty-year regime of Ferdinand Marcos in February 1986, the chronic crisis in the Philippine archipelago abated dramatically. The new head of state, President Corazon Aquino, having made a point during the electoral campaign of being "unlike" Marcos, embarked rapidly on a "liberalization program." Political prisoners were released; negotiations with the underground revolutionary forces were started; a new Constitution was drafted with the help of a few radical elements; and assets seized by Marcos and his cronies were returned to private hands. But five coup attempts by splinter military factions since then have altered the scene dramatically once again—and there are those who say that the coups (or the "shows d'état") were indeed staged to bring about the current situation.

A number of realities seem to coexist in Aquino's new "democratic" dispensation, none of them with any relation to democracy itself. Two of them correspond to two phrases constantly used by government: economic recovery and counterinsurgency. The two are both goal and process, manifesting themselves in various guises within the different universes of the 7,100-island archipelago. On a larger scale, the two are linked, being components of an all-encompassing strategy to depoliticize Philippine society.

"If the truth be told, 1986 frightened the ruling elite," says a political science professor. "Bear in mind that though factions within the elite quarrel, they're united in: one, that they should control the country—economically, politically and socially; and two, that links with the United States should not be severed. That's their soup kitchen, you know."

According to the professor, the first step to such a depoliticization was the removal from center stage of the "people power revolution," and of those issues that created the strongest and most sustained activism during the time of Ferdinand Marcos. Such issues as agrarian reform, labor rights, women's rights and housing, not to mention consumer prices. In their place, an alternative reality was installed, hallucinatory to a degree, of "economic recovery." The how and the for whom of such a recovery was never discussed, leaving government free to pursue whatever means it deemed necessary, even if they were inimical to the general population. The current prosperity is artificial, fueled largely by loans. Although the government claims that the economy grew at 6.7 percent in 1988, the balance-of-payments deficit was $922 million.

The need to maintain appearances ties the Aquino government in knots when it comes to overseas handouts. In March, the President signed a letter of intent with the Inter-



DRAWINGS BY YVONNE BUCHANAN

Ninotchka Rosca is the author of the novel State of War *(W. W. Norton) and a nonfiction report,* Endgame: The Fall of Marcos *(Watts).*

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national Monetary Fund for an additional $1.3 billion loan. The I.M.F. conditions include currency devaluation, value added taxes, government "streamlining" (i.e., firing employees) and ending subsidies for rice and corn—measures that, in Marcos's time, would have been called draconian.

In the United States, the Philippine Embassy has launched a campaign to get resident Filipinos behind a so-called Multilateral Aid Initiative sponsored by Representative Stephen Solarz. The first $200 million appropriation for this is now before the U.S. Congress. Having accepted the M.A.I., the Philippines estops itself from (a) not renewing the U.S.-Philippine Military Bases Treaty, which expires in 1992; (b) refusing to pay full interest on the $30 billion foreign debt; and (c) repudiating loans fraudulently obtained by Marcos and his cronies.

Such heavy borrowing and begging overseas assail Filipinos with *déjà vu*. Since 1946, begging and borrowing have been the mainstay of all government economic programs, with the sole exception of former President Carlos Garcia's "Filipino First" policy of the mid-1950s. But the muffled despair that greeted the I.M.F. letter of intent did not break out into protest. The leadership of the opposition movement that stalemated the Marcos regime has been dispersed. One faction works in government, at minor positions; another has fled into private life, bribed into silence by multiple corporate directorships; and a third, the most organized and most consistent, is hard-pressed to survive.

To recap the record of the past two years: The head of the largest labor center was assassinated; the secretary general of the biggest cause-oriented coalition was assassinated; more than two dozen members of a youth organization were assassinated; a dozen trade unionists were assassinated; about two dozen demonstrating peasants were gunned down and their leader charged with subversion; a university president was twice ambushed and left for dead; a half-dozen human rights lawyers were assassinated; and at the moment, a campaign of assassination is being carried out against socially active religious leaders, both Protestant and Catholic.

Asked what their constituents can do in defense of their rights without incurring harassment (arrest, detention, subversion charges) or suppression (physical attacks of every severity, up to and including murder), lawyers for organizations of labor, the urban poor, women, peasants and students readily answer: nothing. Brinksmanship underlies any advocacy for the poor. The ante has been upped, and what's at stake is not even one's legal rights but the right to live.

Meanwhile, the statistics of poverty remain the same. An estimated 10 million are homeless (per the government's National Economic Development Authority figures); more than 80 percent of urban households live below the poverty line (per the Catholic Bishops Conference's figure) while four-fifths of rural households are below the poverty line (per the National Statistics Office figure); and an estimated 40 percent of the labor force remains unemployed.

None of the measures ostensibly designed to redress these social inequities are being implemented with full political will. CARP, the country's forty-third land reform program, has enabled even the President's own sugar plantation to

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE'S RIGHT TO KNOW

When Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney tells us that "We intend to maintain our world-wide commitments . . ." (New York Times 5/10/89) is it not the right of the American people to know the nature of those commitments and when they have been made? Was Congress fully informed and did Congress publicly debate the issues? Is it not time that the people speak up and challenge those who talk about "world-wide commitments" as a rationale for the $300 billion plus military budgets over the past 9 years? Do these "world-wide commitments" entitle the U.S.A. to interfere wherever we please on this planet under the slogan of defending the "national interest?" For example, does this mean that the President can send American boys as soldiers into Panama because we no longer like General Noriega?

Does international law, our own Constitution, the Charter of the UN or the charter of the Organization of the American States give us the right to do so? Obviously, the answer is that we can do so because of our might. And we have employed that might selectively. Thus we would not think of sending U.S. troops to throw out the apartheid rulers of South Africa or dictator Pinochet in Chile. Is it not time that Congress and the media cease acting as echoes for the Reagan-Bush policies and demand a thorough accounting? Under the Constitution, the people surely have the right to know!

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escape untouched—though Aquino herself had vowed while campaigning to make her *hacienda* a model of agrarian reform. An increase in the minimum wage is still being debated, while onerous decrees against trade unions, passed by Marcos, are still in operation. Squatting, or summary occupation of even idle lands, remains a criminal act under Marcos-era laws, and military tribunals are still the exclusive arbiters of cases against enlisted men. To cap it all, basic services—potable water, electricity, garbage disposal, etc.—have failed to improve, not because of lack of resources but because of indifference. In Nonoc Island, for instance, where the local nickel refinery uses only 30 percent of the electric power it generates, the surrounding barrios cannot tap the excess power for lack of a grid.

Such concerns have been effectively shoved to the wings, principally as a result of the intense and concerted suppression of legal, cause-oriented organizations. This suppression is justified by the armed forces as "depriving" the revolutionary National Democratic Front (N.D.F.) of its infrastructure. But the end result is depriving the majority of the population of its voice and lobbying groups. When Defense Under Secretary Fortunato Abat spoke rather candidly of the need to "outlaw" seven organizations, he was in effect proposing the disenfranchisement of women, teachers, students, workers, peasants, youth and their allied professionals. What this really means can be gleaned from one police officer's nonchalant joke that 10 million might have to be killed to insure peace and order.

Hair-splitting as to what's legal and what's not, says a military source, is not tolerable under conditions of war—which, he maintains, is what the situation is. The right of the state to protect itself is the dominant principle here; there are no ethical or moral considerations, simply the goal of remaining in power so that the socioeconomic system may remain unchanged.

From the military's point of view, the principal objective is maintaining the status quo even though it has been proven untenable. Since 1910, when U.S. control of the Philippines was consolidated, the country has had three large-scale rebellions of the poor, with a half-dozen smaller ones in between. The military informant is aware of this, and says it is the reason top officials of the Philippine armed forces no longer speak of "eradicating" the insurgency but of "containing" it—an admission that the system breeds its own enemy. "Perhaps the N.D.F. forces can be weakened to a level where the insurgency can be efficiently contained," he says.

Perhaps. But a recent release from the New People's Army (N.P.A.), the N.D.F.'s armed component, shows an increase in the number of full-time guerrillas, from 25,000 two years ago to 30,000 now. The rate of tactical offensives by the guerrillas remains the same, but new types of warfare and new targets have appeared. River ambushes in Bulacan and Laguna; a paramilitary base overrun in Sorsogon; six soldiers shot dead in an encounter in Iloilo; two Presidential Security Group members shot dead in Manila; a U.S. communications antenna bombed and U.S. Army Col. James Rowe shot dead in Manila.

It is fashionable to explain away the vigor of the N.P.A.

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as "desperation" or as "attention-grabbing." Which raises the eyebrows of N.D.F. members. "If there's anything anyone should have learned in the past decade," says one, "it is this: We mean what we say." He is referring to an N.D.F. advisory last year warning that U.S. personnel involved in the counterinsurgency program would be included in the N.P.A.'s order of battle. The N.D.F. believes, rightly or wrongly, that Rowe was responsible for the establishment of the notorious paramilitary unit Cafgu (Citizen Armed Forces Geographical Units).

"The Americans have taken control of the government's counterinsurgency operations," says one N.D.F. member. "Orders and politics are no longer funneled through the A.F.P. [Armed Forces of the Philippines] bureaucracy and command. U.S. personnel, particularly C.I.A. agents, are directly involved. Bodily involved."

Independent observers say, however, that the war's intensity has little to do with the magnitude of the threat that the N.P.A. represents. After all, the armed forces number a quarter-million, fully supplied with high-powered weapons and backed by planes and helicopter gunships (which a U.S. Embassy official once characterized as "invitations to indiscriminate slaughter"). Such observers point to the deadline the military has given itself—containment before 1992. "That's when the President's term expires," says a human rights activist, "and that's when the bases treaty comes up for renewal." Seen in this context, the underlying rationale becomes that of dismantling possible overt and legal opposition to the presence of bases. "I think Mrs. Aquino will declare herself in favor of renewal before then," he says. The President has said she'll keep her "options open" (though in one silly instance, she did threaten the bases if no accommodation was reached in the matter of a friend of hers currently being tried by a California court).

Contrary to conventional wisdom, which holds that the bases constitute a "Manila intellectual issue," Filipinos elsewhere do worry about the U.S. presence. First, because the bases constitute an excuse for the United States to continue meddling in Philippine affairs; second, the bases are a locus for infectious mendicancy and subservience at a time when the country needs to "know itself"; and third, the bases are "a doorway" for pernicious health hazards, including AIDS [see Saundra Sturdevant, "The Bar Girls of Subic Bay," *The Nation*, April 3]. "One has only to look at the communities surrounding Clark Air Base and Subic Bay Naval Base to understand this," says an antinuclear activist. "A nuclear attack can be considered a *vague* threat, compared to what we're facing right now in terms of our health."

To such activists, the "total war" policy of the Aquino government serves the dual purpose of insuring minimal opposition to the bases treaty and only marginal challenge to the power of the landed oligarchy, of which the President herself is a member. By lumping an activist organization together with the N.D.F., the Communist Party of the Philippines (C.P.P.) and the N.P.A., the military manages not only to scare away prospective supporters but also to mark members as open targets.

It can happen to almost anyone. To dissuade workers from joining the militant Kilusang Mayo Uno (May First Movement) and steer them toward the A.F.L.-C.I.O.-supported Trade Union Center of the Philippines (T.U.C.P.), which used to support Marcos staunchly, military special operations teams visit factories in Bulacan and Rizal, giving lectures on alleged "Communist penetration of the trade union movement." Such teams also go house to house in barrios suspected of being sympathetic to the N.D.F. Photographs of supposedly "starving children in socialist countries" are shown and a doctored tape of alleged C.P.P. founder José Ma. Sison's voice is played, ostensibly naming the largest cause-oriented groups as "C.P.P. fronts." To this propaganda war the U.S.-based Heritage Foundation contributes its periodic "reports" and "lists." In an interview, one visiting Heritage Foundation honcho insisted on referring to Antonio Fortich, the Emeritus Bishop of Bacolod, as "Commander Tony"—the honorific being the N.P.A. officers' only title.

The most dangerous effect of this "lumping" process is that it makes any advocacy for the poor into something disreputable; community or social activism is something to be extirpated. Even the Catholic Church–backed Task Force Detainees of the Philippines, which valiantly chronicled human rights violations during Marcos's time in power, has had its credibility assailed at home and overseas. The head of a nonideological foundation seeking to stop logging in Palawan Island's rain forest has received death threats.

None of which, says an N.D.F. member, alters the underground's pace of work. The Provisional Revolutionary Government, which the N.D.F. sees as a precursor to the full victory of the revolutionary forces and whose establishment is a principal objective over the next three years, is being built slowly, region by region. The newest regional P.R.G. was set up in March, in the Central Cordillera—the Philippines' largest and highest mountain range, from which comes 70 percent of the country's gold production and where seven major U.S. banks have heavy investments.

By closing legal avenues for the redress of grievances, the Aquino government and the military are driving the aggrieved straight into the arms of the N.D.F.—a strategy of dubious value if the objective is to maintain the status quo. As "illegals," opponents of the government can then be dealt with militarily—in other words, exterminated. "Or so they think," says the N.D.F. member. "This is not Jakarta 1965. We have the capability to defend ourselves." The government's tactic, he points out, actually helps to hammer home the revolutionary truth: that within the system, there can be no salvation. Government-backed social action groups concentrate largely on charity and do nothing with regard to empowerment of their constituency. "If you want empowerment of the majority, for genuine democracy," he goes on, "you'll have to come to us."

Thus ricocheting between contradictory interests and assumptions, the Philippines slouches toward 1992, its path strewn with an accretion of corpses, its way attended by violence. One can only wonder what strange beast will be born by then. □

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RACE AND CLASS WARFARE

Spearing Fish, Playing 'Chicken'

JIM OBERLY

"Save a walleye, spear a pregnant squaw!" This ugly taunt was one of the rallying cries this spring for hundreds of angry whites in northern Wisconsin as they confronted a small number of Chippewas who sought to exercise a federally protected right to spearfish walleyed pike outside reservation boundaries. The racial taunts were accompanied by rock-throwing, shotgun blasts and games of "chicken" in which whites aimed speedboats at Indian spearfishers in canoes. Instead of condemning this lawless behavior, politicians from Wisconsin's Governor, Tommy Thompson, on down vied with one another to support the white protesters and criticize the Chippewas for exercising their treaty rights.

How could a northern state with a progressive tradition become such hospitable ground for flagrant racism? The strife on Wisconsin's lakes goes beyond who will catch the walleyes and by what method. In part the conflict between whites and Chippewas involves the meaning and implementation of Jacksonian-era land cession and removal treaties. Those treaties, particularly one 1837 pact, apply to an economically depressed area where whites and Indians alike struggle to make a living. Wisconsin's violence also reflects in a familiar way the divisive class and racial animosities prevalent in the Reagan-Bush era.

Fewer than 10,000 Chippewas now live on half a dozen small reservations in the northern third of Wisconsin. Considerable portions of the land within reservation boundaries are owned by whites, the result of turn-of-the-century land deals. Consequently, most Chippewas have been landless and desperately poor throughout the twentieth century. Their reservations sponsor a number of tribal enterprises such as construction, cranberry raising and gambling, which coexist alongside a general commitment to maintaining the traditions of seasonal fishing, hunting and gathering.

The Chippewas had northern Wisconsin largely to themselves until early in this century, when tens of thousands of European peasants settled on land that had been completely denuded by lumbermen. Most of the new farmers went broke on their stony "cutover" soil, and many of the whites left the north woods during the Great Depression. Those who stayed sought to make a living by attracting tourists. The state encouraged this change by stocking many of Wisconsin's 15,000 lakes with game fish such as walleyes and muskellunge, and by building access roads and boat landings and making other improvements. After World War II a regular vacation trade did develop with visitors from Chicago, Milwaukee and the Twin Cities, and tourism became the chief basis of the regional economy.

The growth of the Red Power movement in the 1960s and 1970s irritated local whites, who worried about its effect on tourism. During the 1970s, Indian children in public schools had numerous conflicts with white kids; more recently, some of those Indians have been in canoes, trying to spear walleyes, while former classmates screamed obscenities from shore.

For years, the State of Wisconsin resisted any attempt by the Chippewas to exercise their fishing rights. But in the early 1980s, the Chippewas successfully sued in Federal court to enforce their off-reservation rights. When the Indians won their Federal suit, some feared that conflict would arise with white deer-hunters resentful of special Indian hunting rights, but no such collision has taken place. The percentage of the deer and walleyes the Chippewas take are roughly the same, but the geographical impact differs greatly. The Chippewas and whites hunt deer randomly on public land in the north woods, but walleye fishing is specific to individual lakes. Each lake has a walleye population estimated by the state's Department of Natural Resources, and that agency sets a "safe catch" limit, up to about 15 percent.

Although the Chippewas take only a small fraction of the state's total walleye catch, they do capture as much as one-half the safe catch on certain lakes. Indeed, one Chippewa band from the Lac du Flambeau Reservation threatened to take 100 percent of the safe catch on certain lakes, thereby forcing whites to practice catch-and-release fishing for all subsequent walleyes. White resort owners on lakes targeted by the Chippewas, not surprisingly, fear their trade will be ruined and have turned to protest in what they see as a matter of "rights versus right," or Chippewa treaty rights against the right to make a living from the sport fishing business.

The white protesters are loosely organized in a group called PARR, for Protect American Rights and Resources. PARR's membership includes merchants dependent on the resort trade. Their rhetoric almost pathologically reproduces many of the worst features of American life in the Reagan years. PARR denies that its motivation is racist, insisting instead that Indians represent a case of "reverse discrimination" since they can legally catch more fish than whites. The protesters argue that the Indians' treaty rights are somehow "un-American" because of the unequal treatment based on race. Most disturbing is a persistent belief among PARR protesters that the nineteenth-century treaties contain provisions allowing citizen posses to kill groups of three or more Indians found off the reservation, on the ground that such Indians constitute hostile "war parties." Responses on radio call-in shows suggest that there are plenty of would-be volunteers for such posses, which in fact are in no way sanctioned by the treaties.

PARR and other like-minded groups dismiss the 1837 treaty as "outdated" or "irrelevant" in the twentieth century, paralleling President Ronald Reagan's observation that we are wrong to permit the Indians to maintain their

Jim Oberly is assistant professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, Eau Claire, and the author of Sixty Million Acres, *a study of land grants before the Civil War, to be published by Kent State University Press next year.*

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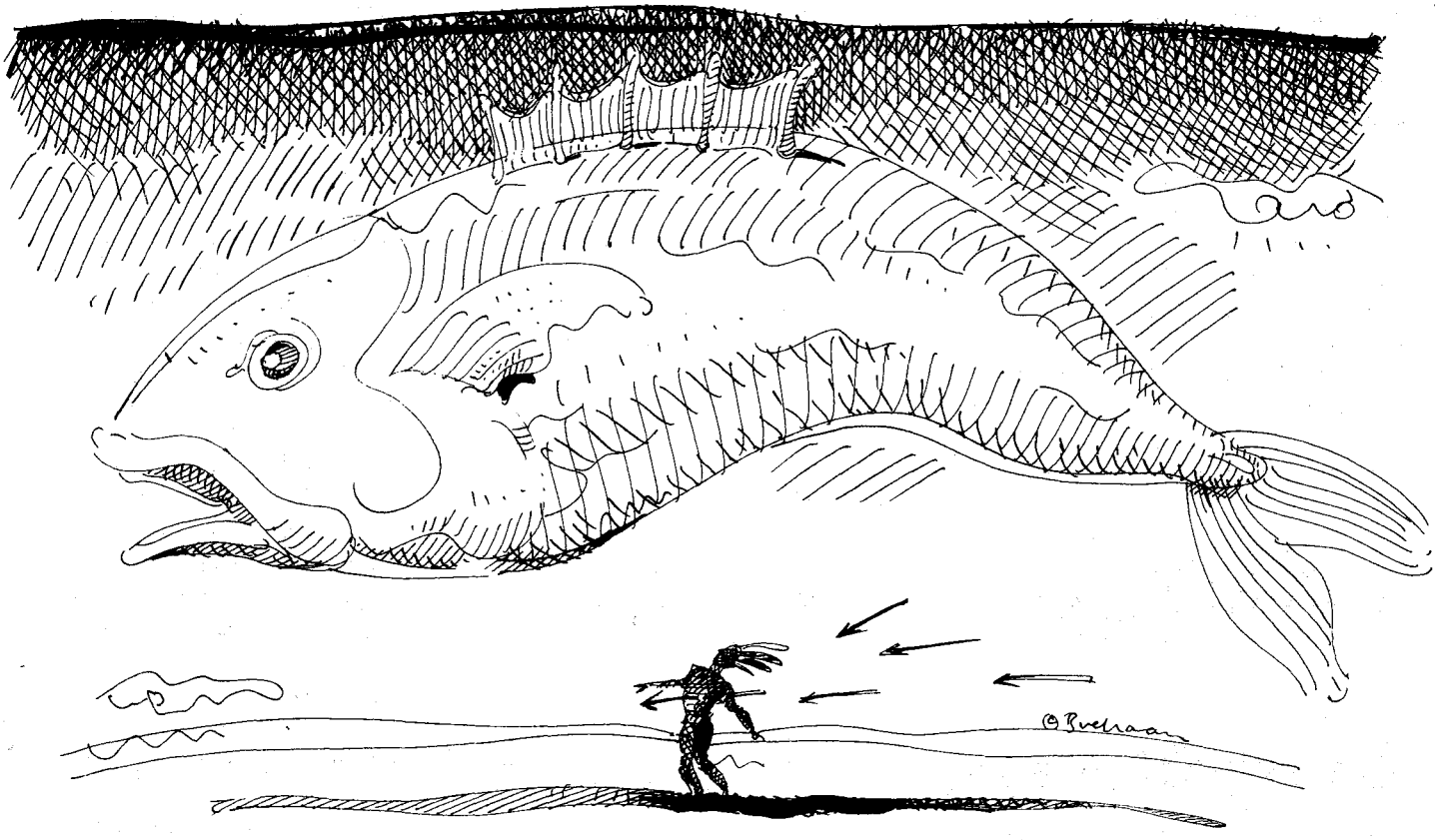
culture, to "humor" them, as he put it in his lecture on American history at Moscow State University a year ago. PARR also echoes Reagan's denunciation of people on welfare, and many of the protesters' signs and taunts urged that Federal benefits to the Chippewas be cut off as long as the Indians continued to spearfish. Indeed, the state's Congressional delegation threatened the Chippewa bands with this very fate if they did not forgo their fishing rights. Even Representative David Obey, a longtime liberal Democrat, yielded to the PARR positions in an effort to protect his seat. His Republican opponent in 1986 and 1988 was Kevin Hermening, who once gained fame as one of the hostages in the U.S. Embassy in Teheran. Today, Hermening spends his time as a PARR leader openly gearing up for a 1990 challenge to Obey on the single issue of Indian treaty rights.

PARR projects all the stereotypes of Indians as lazy, promiscuous, alcoholic and stupid onto Chippewa spearers, sometimes summing them up in the slur "timber niggers." But the most open hatred is the class hatred of the small, "hard-working" entrepreneur for the welfare recipient; in a sense, the walleyes speared by the Chippewas are the northern Wisconsin equivalent of the welfare Cadillac. Beyond the racism is an intolerance of cultural differences. PARR has only contempt for the Chippewas' claim that spearfishing is part of a spiritual tradition of nature worship. The protest group sees as evidence of the Indians' insincerity the fact that spearers today use aluminum canoes and high-powered flashlights to stalk walleyes in shallow water, rather than traditional birchbark canoes and flaming torches.

Particularly galling to the Chippewas has been the charge by white protesters that the Indians are a threat to the ecological balance of the lakes in northern Wisconsin. Some Chippewas have wondered aloud where all this environmental concern was when Exxon proposed digging a giant zinc and copper mine in the region, tailings from which would inevitably have fouled the waters of several Indian reservations. More troubling has been the slowness of the mainstream press to report that the Chippewas will take only about 3 percent of the state's walleyes this year, leaving the other 97 percent to sport fishermen. All the Chippewa bands have cooperated to form the Great Lakes Indian Fish and Wildlife Commission, which undertakes to protect the north woods through careful biological study of the environment, along with an active fish and game management program.

When violence broke out on the boat landings, Governor Thompson flatly refused to call out the National Guard to protect the Chippewa spearers, even though local police and sheriff's deputies could not (or would not) keep the peace. Instead, the Governor sought to play to the white protesters by going to Federal court in person and demanding that a judge issue an injunction prohibiting the Chippewas from exercising their treaty rights. He maintained that "no walleye is worth risking a human life," and that the Chippewas should be restrained so as not to provoke white violence. Martin Zanger, a historian at the University of Wisconsin, La Crosse, observed that this is what Orville Faubus said in Little Rock in 1957 and George Wallace said in Alabama in 1963: A minority must yield its rights so as not to provoke violence by the majority. Federal Judge Barbara Crabb chastised Governor Thompson for pandering to "violent and lawless" rioters, and by the spearfishing season's end, May 6, the Governor was angrily sputtering



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GOODING(S)
GOODMAN
GOODRICH
GO(O)DWIN
GOODYEAR
GORDON
GORE
GORHAM
GORTON
GOSS(E)
GOUGH
GOU(L)D
GOULDING
GOVER
GOWER
GRACE
GRAHAM
GRANGER
GRANT
GRATTAN
GRAVES
GRAY
GRAYSON
GREAR
GREEL(E)Y
GREEN(E)
GREENHALGH
GREENLEAF
GREENLEE
GREENOUGH
GREENWELL
GREENWOOD
GREER
GREGG
GREGORY
GRESHAM
GREY
GRIDLEY
GRIER
GRIFFEN
GRIFFITH
GRIGG(S)
GRIGSBY
GRIMES
GRINDLE
GRINNELL
GRISWOLD
GROS(S)E
GROSVENOR
GROTE
GROUT
GROVE
GROVER
GROVES
GROW
GRUB(B)E
GRUB(S)
GRYMES
GU(E)NT(H)ER
GUEST
GUILD
GUION
GULICK
GUNN
GUNNELL
GURLEY
GURNEY
GUTHRIE
GUY
GWINN
GWYNN
GYLES
HACKER
HACKETT
HADDEN
HADDOCK
HADLEY
HA(E)GER
HAF(F)NER
HAGAN
HAGEMAN(N)
HAGEN
HAGERMAN(N)
HAGGARD
HAGUE
HAHN
HAIG(H)
HAINES
HAI(R)E
HAIRSTON
HALE
HALL
HALLAM
HALLECK
HALLENBECK
HALLET(T)
HALLEY
HALLIDAY
HALLOCK
HALLOWELL
HALSEY
HALSTE(A)D
HAMER
HAMILL
HAMILTON
HAMLIN
HAM(M)
HAM(M)EL
HAMMETT
HAMMOND
HAMPTON
HANCE
HANCOCK
HAND
HAND(I)LEY
HANDY
HANEY
HANK(E)(S)
HANKIN(S)
HANMER
HANN
HANNA(H)
HANSEN
HANSON
HARBAUGH
HARDEN
HARDIE
HARD(I)MAN
HARDIN
HARDING
HARDWICK(E)
HARDY
HARE
HARGR(E)AVE(S)
HARING
HARKNESS
HARLAN
HARLEY
HARLOW
HARMAN
HARMER
HARMON
HARPER
HARRIMAN
HARRINGTON
HARRIS
HARRISON
HAR(R)OLD
HART
HARTLEY
HARTSHORN(E)
HASBROUCK
HASKELL
HASKIN(S)
HASSARD
HASTINGS
HATCH
HATCHER
HATCHETT
HATFIELD
HATHAWAY
HATTON
HAUGHTALMAN(N)
HAUSER
HAVILAND
HAWES
HAWK(E)(S)
HAWKINS
HAWLEY
HAWORTH
HAWTHORNE
HAY
HAYDEN
HAY(E)S
HAYMAN
HAYNES
HAYWARD
HAYWOOD
HAZEN
HAZZARD
HEAD
HEADLEY
HEALD
H(E)AL(E)Y
HEARD
HEARN(E)
HEATH
HEATON
HEBB
HEBERT
HEDGE(S)
HEDRICK
HEF(F)NER
HEGEMAN
HELLER
HELM
HENDERSON
HEN(D)LEY
HENDRICK(S)
HENDRIX
HENKEL
HENNING
HENRY
HENSLEY
HEPBURN
HERBERT
HERMAN
HERNDON
HERNON
HER(R)ING
HERRINGTON
HER(R)ON
HERSEY
HERSHEY
HESS(E)
HEWES
HEWETT
HEWITT
HEWLETT
HEYMAN
HEYWOOD
HIATT
HIBBARD
HIBBERT
HICKEY
HICKMAN
HICKOX
HICKS
HIGDON
HIGGINBOTHAM
HIGGINS
HIGHLAND
HIGHT
HIGLEY
HILDRETH
HILLIARD
HILLIER
HILLMAN
HILL(S)
HILLYER
HILTON
HIN(G)KLEY
HIND(S)
HINE(S)
HINKLE
HINMAN
HINTON
HITCH
HITCHCOCK
HITE
HOAG
HOAGLAND
HOAR(E)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOBART
HOBBS
HOBSON
HOCH
HODGE(S)
HODGKINS
HODGSON
HOFF
HOF(F)MAN(N)
HOGAN
HOGG
HOG(UE
HOLBROOK
HOLCOMB(E)
HOLDEN
HOLDER
HOLLAND
HOLLENBECK
HOLL(E)Y
HOLLIDAY
HOLLIN(G)SHEAD
HOLLINGSWORTH
HOLLIS
HOLLISTER
HOLLOWAY
HOLLOWELL
HOLMAN
HOLMES
HOLT
HOLTON
HOLYOKE
HOMER
HOOD
HOOK
HOOKER
HOOPER
HOOVER
HOPE
HOPKINS
HOPPER
HOPSON
HORN(E)
HORNER
HORS(L)EY
HORTON
HOSKIN(S)
HOSMER
HOTCHKISS
HOUGH
HOUGHTON
HOUSE
HOUSEMANN
HOUSER
H(O)USTON
HOWARD
HOW(E)
HOWELL
HOWES
HOWLAND
HOWLETT
HOY(E)
HOYT
HUBBARD
HUBBELL
HUBER
HUBERT
HUCK
HUDDLESTON
HUDGINS
HUDSON
HUFF
HUGGINS
HUGHES
HULL
HUME(S)
HUMPREY(S)
HUMPHRIES
HUNDLEY
HUNGERFORD
HUNT
HUNTER
HUNTINGTON
HUNTLEY
HURD
HU(R)LBU(R)T
HURLEY
HURST
HUSBAND(S)
HUSSEY
HUTCHE(R)SON
HUTCHIN(G)S
HUTCH(N)SON
HUTTER
HUTTON
HYATT
HYDE
HYLAND
IDE
INGALL(S)
INGE
INGERSOLL
INGHAM
INGLIS
INGRA(HA)M
INNES
INNIS
IRBY
IRELAND
IRISH
IRVIN(E)
IRVING
IRWIN
ISAAC(S)
ISBELL
ISHAM
IVES
IV(E)Y
IVINS
JACKMAN
JACK(S)
JACKSON
JACOB(S)
JACQUES
JA(E)GER
JAMES
JAM(I)(E)SON
JANES
JANSON
JANS(S)EN
JAQUES
JARMAN
JARRETT
JARVIS
JAY(E)
JEFF(E)RIES
JEFFERSON
JEFFERY(S)
JEFFREY(S)
JEN(C)K(E)S
JENKIN(S)
JENNE(Y)
JENNINGS
JERMAN
JESSUP
JETT
JEWELL
JEWETT
JOB(E)
JOHN(S)
JOHNSON
JOHNSTON(E)
JOINER
JOLL(E)Y
JONES
JORDAN
JORDON
JOSLIN
JOSLYN
JOY
JOYCE
JOYNER
JUDD
JUDKINS
JUDSON
JUDY
JULIAN
JULIEN
JUSTICE
KAI(N)E
KAISER
KARL
KAVANA(U)GH
KAY(E)
KEANE
KEARNEY
KEARNS
KEATING
KEATON
KEELER
KEEL(E)Y
KEELING
KEENAN
KEEN(E)
KEENEY
KEEP
KEHOE
KEIL
KEISER
KEITH
KELLER
KELL(E)Y
KELLOGG
KELSEY
KELSO
KEMP(E)
KEMPER
KENAN
KENDALL
KENDRICK
KENNARD
KENNEDY
KENN(E)Y
KENNON
KENT
KENYON
KEOUGH
KERBY
KERN
KERNS
KERR
KERSHAW
KERWIN
KETCHAM
KETCHUM
KEY(E)
KEY(E)S
KEYSER
KIDD
KIDDER
KILBOU(R)N(E)
KILBURN
KILGORE
KILHAM
KILLAM
KILMER
KILPATRICK
KIMBALL
KIMBERLY
KIMBLE
KINCADE
KINCAID
KINCHELOE
KINDER
KING
KINGMAN
KINGSBURY
KINGLSEY
KINGSTON
KINKADE
KINKAID
KINEAD
KINNEY
KINSELLA
KINSLEY
KIPP
KIRBY
KIRK
KIRKHAM
KIRKLAND
KIRKPATRICK
KIRKWOOD
KIRWAN
KISER
KITCHEN
KITTLE
KITTREDGE
KLINE
KNAPP
KNICKERBOCKER
KNIGHT
KNIGHTON
KNOTT(S)
KNOWLES
KNOWLTON
KNOX
KOLB
KRAMER
KRAUSE
KRAUS(S)
KUHN(S)
KULP
KUNKEL
KUR(T)Z
KYLE
LAC(E)Y
LADD
LAFFERTY
LAFORGE
LAIRD
LAKE
LAMB
LAMBERT
LAMONT
LAMP(K)IN
LAMSON
LANCASTER
LANCE
LAND(E)
LANDER(S)
LANDES
LANDIS
LANDON
LANE
LANG
LANGDON
LANGFORD
LANGHAM
LANGLEY
LANGSTON
LANGTRY
LANHAM
LANIER
LAN(N)ING
LANTZ
LAPHAM
LAPORTE
LARKIN(S)
LARNED
LARUE
LASHER
LATHAM
LATHROP
LATIMER
LAUDER
LAUER
LAUGHTON
LAVENDER
LAWLER
LAWLOR
LAWRENCE
LAW(S)
LAWSON
LAWTON
LAWYER
LAY
LAYMAN
LAYTON
LEA
LEACH
LEADBETTER
LEAR
LEARNED
LEARY
LEATHERMAN
LEATHERS
LEAVER
LEAVITT
LECOM(P)TE
LECONTE
LEDBETTER
LEE
LEEDS
LEEMAN
LEEPER
LEESON
LEFE(B)VRE
LEFEVOUR
LEFTWICH
LEGG(E)
LEGGETT
LEHMAN(N)
LEIGH
LEIGHTON
LEITH
LEITNER
LELAND
LEMAN
LEMLEY
LEMMON
LEMON
LENNON
LEN(N)OX
LENT
LEN(T)Z
LENZ
LEONARD
LEROUX
LEROY
LESLEY
LESLIE
LESTER
LEVER
LEVITT
LEWIS
LEY
LIDDELL
LIDDLE
LIGGETT
LIGHT
LIGHTFOOT
LIGHTNER
LILL(E)Y
LILLIE
LINCK
LINCOLN
LIND(E)
LINDLEY
LINDSAY
LINDSEY
LINE
LING
LINK(E)
LINN(E)
LINTON
LIPPINCOTT
LIPPITT
LISTER
LITCHFIELD
LITTELL
LITTLE
LITTLEFIELD
LITTLETON
LIVINGSTON
LLEWELLYN
LLOYD
LOCK(E)
LOCKETT
LOCKHART
LOCKWOOD
LODGE
LOGAN
LOHMAN(N)
LOMAS
LOMAX
LOMBARD
LONDON
LONG
LONGLEY
LOOMIS
LOONEY
LORD
LOTHROP
LOTT
LOUDEN
LOUDON
LOUNSBURY
LOVE
LOVEJOY
LOVELACE
LOVELL
LOVETT
LOVING
LOWDEN
LOW(E)
LOWELL
LOWERY
LOWR(E)Y
LOWTHER
LOYD
LUCAS
LUCE
LUCKETT
LUCK(E)(Y)
LUCY
LUDDEN
LUDLAM
LUDLOW
LUDLUM
LUDWIG
LUKE
LUKEN(S)
LUM(B)
LUMLEY
LUMPKIN
LUND
LUNDY
LUNSFORD
LUNT
LUSK
LUTHER
LUTZ
LYFORD
LYLE(S)
LYMAN
LYNCH
LYND(E)
LYNE
LYNN(E)
LYON
LYONS
MAAS
MABEE
MABIE
MABR(E)Y
M(A)CARTHUR
MACAULAY
M(A)CCLINTOCK
M(A)CCORKLE
M(A)CDONALD
M(A)DOUGAL(L)
M(A)CFADDEN
M(A)CFARLAND
M(A)CFARLANE
M(A)CGREGOR
MAC(I)E
MACK
M(A)CKAY
M(A)CKENZIE
M(A)CKINNON
M(A)CLAREN
M(A)CLAUGHLIN
M(A)CLEAN
M(A)CLEOD
M(A)CMAHON
M(A)CMANUS
M(A)CMILLAN
M(A)CMULLEN
M(A)CMURRAY
M(A)CNAB(B)
M(A)CNAMARA
MACON
M(A)CPHERSON
M(A)CRAE
M(A)CVEIGH
MADDEN
MADDOCK
MADDOX
MADDUX
MADER
MADISON
MAGEE
MAGILL
MAGOON
MAGRUDER
MAGUIRE
MAGY
MAHER
MAHON
MAHON(E)Y
MAIN
MAITLAND
MAJOR
MALCOLM
MALLET(T)(E)
MALLORY
MAL(L)OY
MALONE(Y)
MANCHESTER
MANDEVILLE
MANEY
MANL(E)Y
MANN
MANNING
MANSELL
MANSFIELD
MANSON
MAPES
MAPLE(S)
MAR(A)BLE
MARBURY
MARCH
MARCHANT
MARCY
MARDEN
MARION
MARKEY
MARKHAM
MARKLEY
MARK(S)
MARLEY
MARR
MARRIOTT
MARSH
MARSHALL
MARSTON
MARTIN
MARVEL
MARVIN
MASON
MASSEY
MASSIE
MASTER(S)
MASTERSON
MATHER
MATHEW(W)SON
MATT(I)E(S)ON
MATT(I)HEW(S)
MATTOCKS
MATTOX
MAUPIN
MAXCY
MAXEY
MACFIELD
MAX(S)ON
MAXWELL
MAY
MAYBERRY
MAYER
MAYE(S)S
MAYHEW
MAYNARD
MAYO
MCADAM(S)
MCAFEE
MCALLISTER
MCALPIN(E)
MCAVOY
MCBRIDE
MCCABE
MCCALL
MCCALLUM
MCCART(H)Y
MCCLAIN
MCCLELLAN(D)
MCCLINTIC
MCCLOUD
MCCLUNG
MCCLURE
MCCOLLUM
MCCORD
MCCORMACK
MCCORMICK
MCCOY
MCCRARY
MCCRAY
MCCREA
MCCREADY
MCCREARY
MCCREERY
MCCRORY
MCCUE
MCCUEN
MCCULLOUCH
MCCULLOUGH
MCCUNE
MCCURDY
MCCUTCHEON
MCDANIEL(S)
MCDERMOTT
MCDONOUGH
MCDOWELL
MCELROY
MCEVOY
MCEWAN
MCEWEN
MCGEE
MCG(E)HEE
MCGHIE
MCGILL
MCGINNIS
MCGOWAN
MCGOWEN
MCGRATH
MCGRAW
MCGREW
MCGRUDER
MCGUIRE
MCHENRY
MCHUGH
MCILVAIN(E)
MCINTIRE
MCINTOSH
MCINTYRE
MCKAN
MCKEE
MCKEEN
MCKENNA
MCKIM
MCKINLAY
MCKINLEY
MCKINNEY
MCKINNON
MCKINSTRY
MCLAIN
MCLANE
MCLELLAN
MCMASTER(S)
MCNAIR
MCNALLY
MCNAUGHTON
MCNEAL
MCNEIL(L)
MCNULTY
MCNUTT
MCQUEEN
MCSWEENEY
MCVAY
MCVEY
MCVICKAR
MCVICKER
MEACHAM
MEAD(E)
MEADOW(S)
MEANS
MEARS
MEEKER
MEEK(S)
MEERS
MEIGS
MELCHIOR
MELLEN
MELLER
MELIN
MELLON
MELLOR
MELTON
MELVILLE
MELVIN
MENDENHALL
MERCHER
MEREDITH
MER(R)IAM
MERRICK
MERRILL
MERRIMAN
MERRITT
MERRY
MESSENGER
MESSER
MESSINGER
METCALF(E)
MEYER(S)
MICHAEL
MICKLE
MIDDLETON
MILES
MILLAR
MILLARD
MILLER
MILLET(T)
MILLIGAN
MILLIKEN
MILLS
MILNER
MILTON
MINER
MINOR
MINTER
MITCHEL(L)
MITTEN
MITTON
MOBERL(E)Y
MOBLEY
MOCK
MOFFAT(T)
MOFFETT
MOFFITT
MOHR
MOHUN
MOLLOY
MOLONEY
MOLYNE(A)UX
MONK
MONROE
MONSON
MONTAGUE
MONTEITH
MONTGOMERY
MOODY
MOON(E)
MOONEY
MO(O)RE
MO(O)REHOUSE
MOORHEAD
MO(O)RMAN
MOREY
MORGAN
MORIAR(I)TY
MORLEY
MORRELL
MORRILL
MORRIS
MORRISON
MORROW
MORSE
MORTIMER
MORTON
MOS(S)LEY
MOSES
MOSHER
MOS(S)ER
MOSS(E)
MOTHERSHEAD
MOTLEY
MOTT
MOULTON
MOWER
MOWRY
MOYER
MU(E)LLER
MUIR
MULFORD
MULLEN
MULLIGAN
MULLIN(S)
MULLOY
MUMFORD
MUND(A)Y
MUNK
MUNN
MUNRO(E)
MUNSELL
MUNSON
MURCHISON
MURDOCH
MURDOCK
MURPHY
MURRAY
MUSE
MUSSELMAN
MYER(S)
MYLES
NAGEL
NAGLE
NANCE
NAPIER
NASH
NASON
NAYLOR
NEAL(E)
NEAVILL(E)Y
NEEDHAM
NEFF
NEIL(L)
NEIDLSON
NEIL
NETTLETON
NEUMAN
NEVILLE
NEWENS
NEWBERRY
NEWBY
NEWCOMB
NEWELL
NEWHALL
NEWKIRK
NEWLAND
NEWLIN
NEWMAN
NEWTON
NICHOLAS
NICHOL(L)S
NICHOLSON
NICKERSON
NIGHTINGALE
NILES
NISBET
NIXON
NOBLE
NOEL
NOLAN
NORMAN
NORRIS
NORTH
NORTHROP
NORTHRUP
NORTON
NORWOOD
NOTT
NOTTINGHAM
NOWELL
NOYES
NUGENT
NUN(N)
NUTT
NYE
O'BRIAN
O'BYRAN
O'CONNOR
O'HAIR
O'HARA
O'HARE
O'LEARY
O'NEAL
O'NEIL(L)
O'ROURKE
O'SULLIVAN
OAK(E)S
OAKLEY
OATES
ODELL
OGDEN
OGILVIE
OGLE
OGLESBY
OLCOTT
OLDHAM
OLDS
OLIVER
OLMSTE(A)D
OLNEY
ORCHARD
ORDWAY
ORME(S)
ORMSBY
ORR
ORT(H)
ORTON
OSBORN(E)
OSGOOD
OSMAN
OSWALD
OTIS
OTT
OVERTON
OWEN(S)
PACE
PURDY
PACK
PURSELL
PACKARD
PURVES
PACKER
PURVIS
PADDOCK
PUSEY
PADGETT
PUTNAM
PAGE
PYLE
PAIGE
PYNE
PAIN(E)
QUACKENBOS
PAINTER
QUACKENBUSH
PALMER
QUARLES
PANNELL
QUICK
PARDEE
QUIGLEY
PARDOE
QUIMBY
PARHAM
QUINBY
PARKER
QUIN(N)
PARK(E)(S)
QUISENBERRY
PARKHURST
RAAB
PARKINSON
RABB
PARKMAN
RABE
PARMELEE
RADCLIFF(E)
PARNELL
RADFORD
PARR
RAE
PARR(I)S
RAGLAND
PARR(I)SH
RAINES
PARROTT
RAINEY
PARRY
RALEIGH
PARSONS
RALEY
PARTRIDGE
RALPH
PASC(H)AL
RALSTON
PATE
RAMAGE
PATRICK
RAMBO
PATTEN
RAMSAY
PAT(T)ERSON
RAMSDELL
PAT(T)ON
RAMSDEN
PAUL
RAMSEY
PAUL(E)Y
RAND
PAUL
RANDALL
PAWSON
RANGOLPH
PAYNE
RANGER
PAYNTER
RANKIN
PAYTON
RANNEY
PEABODY
RANSOM
PEACOCK
RANSON
PEAK(E)
RAPP
PEAL
RATCLIFF(E)
PEARCE
RATH
PEARL
RATHBONE
PEARSE
RATHBUN
PEARSON
RAU(S)CH
PEASE
RAWL(E)S
PEAT
RAWLIN(G)S
PECK
RAWSON
PECKHAM
RAY
PEEBLES
RAYMOND
PEEK
RAYNER
PEEL
RAYNOR
PEET
REA
PEIRCE
READ
PELHAM
READER
PEMBERTON
READING
PENCE
READY
PENDLETON
RE(A)GAN
PENN
REAM
PENNELL
REARDON
PENN(E)Y
REAVES
PENNINGTON
RECTOR
PENNOCK
REDD
PENROSE
RED(D)ING
PENTZ
RED(D)INGTON
PEP(P)ER
REDDY
PERCIVAL
REDFIELD
PERCY
REDMAN
PERDUE
REDMON(D)
PERKINS
REECE
PERRIN(E)
REED
PERRY
REEDER
PERSON(S)
REEDY
PETER(S)
REES(E)
PETERSEN
REEVE(S)
PETERSON
REICHENBACH
PETTIS
REID
PET(T)IT
REIDY
PETTUS
REIF(F)
PETTY
REILLY
PEYTON
REINHAR(D)(T)
PFEIF(F)ER
REITER
PHELPS
REMICK
PHILBRICK
REMINGTON
PHILLIPS
RENARD
PHINNEY
RENAUD
PHIPPS
RENFRO
PIC(K)ARD
REN(N)ICK
PICKEL
REVELL(Y)
PICKENS
REYNOLDS
PICKERING
RHEA
PICKET(T)
RHO(A)D(E)S
PICKLE(S)
RICE
PIDGEON
RICH
PIERCE
RICHARD
PIERSON
RICHARDS
PIGGOT(T)
RICHARDSON
PIKE
RICHMAN
PILCHER
RICHMOND
PILKINGTON
RICHTER
PILLSBURY
RICKARD(S)
PINCKNEY
RIC(K)ER
PINE
RICKETTS
PINKERTON
RICKMAN
PINNEY
RICKS
PIPER
RIDDELL
PITCHER
RIDDICK
PIT(T)MAN
RIDDLE
PITT(S)
RIDER
PLACE
RIDGL(E)Y
PLANT
PLATT
PLEASANT(S)
PLUM(B)
PLUM(M)ER
PLUNKETT
POE
POGUE
POINDEXTER
POLAN(D)
POLK
POLLARD
POLLEY
POLLOCK
POMEROY
POND
POOL(E)
POOR(E)
POPE
PORTER
POSEY
POST
POTTER
POTT(S)
POUND
POWELL
POWER(S)
PRATT
PRAY
PREBLE
PRENDERGAST
PRENTICE
PRENTIS(S)
PRESCOTT
PRESTON
PRETTYMAN
PREWITT
PRICE
PRIEST
PRIME
PRIM(M)
PRINCE
PRINDLE
PRINGLE
PRIOR
PRIT(C)HARD
PRITCHETT
PROBST
PROCTER
PROCTOR
PROSSER
PROUTY(Y)
PRUETT
PRUITT
PRYOR
PUGH
PULLEN
PULLEY
PUMPHREY
PURCELL
RIDG(E)WAY
RIDLEY
RIEHM
RIFE
RIGBY
RIGGS
RIGHTER
RILEY
RINEHART
RING
RIORDAN
RIPLEY
RIT(C)HEY
RIT(T)CHIE
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that the Federal government was to blame for all the trouble, and that the controversy could be solved if only he could lock all the parties up in a room.

Supporters of the Chippewas were slow to organize this spring, but the outrageous behavior displayed by protesting whites did cause something of a backlash against PARR. Even some anti-treaty-rights politicians—though not the Governor—condemned the racism as "not Wisconsin." Groups upholding Chippewa treaty rights formed in Madison, Milwaukee and Eau Claire, and some individuals traveled to lakes as witnesses for the Chippewas. Supporters of the Indians staged a rally in Minoqua—a PARR stronghold—that drew 500 people, reports treaty rights activist Steve Gosch. Pro-treaty groups such as Honor (Honor Our Neighbors' Origins and Rights) insist on a link between respect for nineteenth-century U.S.-Indian treaties and adherence to modern treaty obligations with Panama or the Soviet Union. They argue that a great nation is defined not so much by its might as by the reliability of its word.

The long-term prospects for northern Wisconsin and the Chippewas are not bright. The state cannot unilaterally abrogate the 1837 treaty, but at the same time there is intense pressure on the tribes to lease to the state long-term the rights to off-reservation fishing, hunting and gathering. In practice, this means the Chippewas would forgo exercising their rights in return for negotiated grants of cash and services to promote economic development on the reservations. This would require state and Federal money at a time when budgets are tight. It is clear that the mood among state politicians is reminiscent, Zanger maintains, of the Eisenhower Administration's drive to "get out of the Indian business" or to "terminate" Indian tribal arrangements altogether. The future for an economically depressed area, sadly, is for more class and racial strife. □

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Hidden

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

ment. Moreover, the degree of secrecy is staggering: Of the directives issued by President Reagan, fewer than fifty have been declassified in whole or in part by the National Security Council, which unilaterally decides which N.S.D.D.s are to be made public.

The precise legal nature of N.S.D.D.s is shadowy. The National Security Act of 1947, written at the outset of the cold war, grants implicit authority to Presidents to issue papers on national security; the right to issue policy directives has always been assumed to be one of the inherent powers of the presidency. Over the years these directives have evolved from broad statements to specific decrees that, according to a recent General Accounting Office report, can establish national policy and authorize the commitment of Federal resources. Unless they are canceled or modified, N.S.D.D.s are understood to continue in force from one administration to the next. After a decree is signed, N.S.C. staff members send implementing directives to Federal agencies for its execution [see the sampler, page 850].

A few Reagan Administration N.S.D.D.s have been declassified in response to requests by Representative Jack Brooks, made through the Library of Congress, and by Jeffrey Richelson, consultant to the National Security Archive in Washington, D.C. Others have been leaked to reporters. In all, they cover such topics as nuclear weapons deployment, Central America, Star Wars, classified information, arms sales, civil defense, food aid, summit meetings and the Iran-Iraq war. But the most powerful part of this story remains hidden—buried in the more than 200 N.S.D.D.s whose very subject matter is still concealed.

Is there a plan to void the Constitution in the event of large anti-Administration demonstrations? Are old military bases being considered as detention camps for political dissidents and undocumented aliens? During the past eight years, press reports have suggested that such actions were authorized by a still-secret N.S.D.D. Have laws or executive orders or publicly announced policies been undermined? Who selects the personnel to carry out these orders? What expenditures of taxpayer dollars do they mandate? Until the secret N.S.D.D.s are declassified, we simply will not know.

Eve Pell is a staff reporter at the Center for Investigative Reporting in San Francisco, where Karen Maeshiro assisted with research for this article. *The Fund for Constitutional Government provided support for this work.*

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Earlier national security directives have gone by different names, but their power has been no less extraordinary. President John F. Kennedy's National Security Action Memorandum 31 set in motion the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba; Johnson's N.S.A.M. 273 widened the war in Southeast Asia by authorizing military incursions fifty kilometers into Laos. Truman's N.S.C. 68, issued in 1950 and kept secret for twenty-five years, opened the gates for breaches of law in the name of national security. "The integrity of our system will not be jeopardized by any measures, covert or overt, violent or non-violent, which serve the purposes of frustrating the Kremlin design," it said. It recommended "operations by covert means in the fields of economic warfare and political and psychological warfare with a view to fomenting unrest and revolt in selected strategic satellite countries."

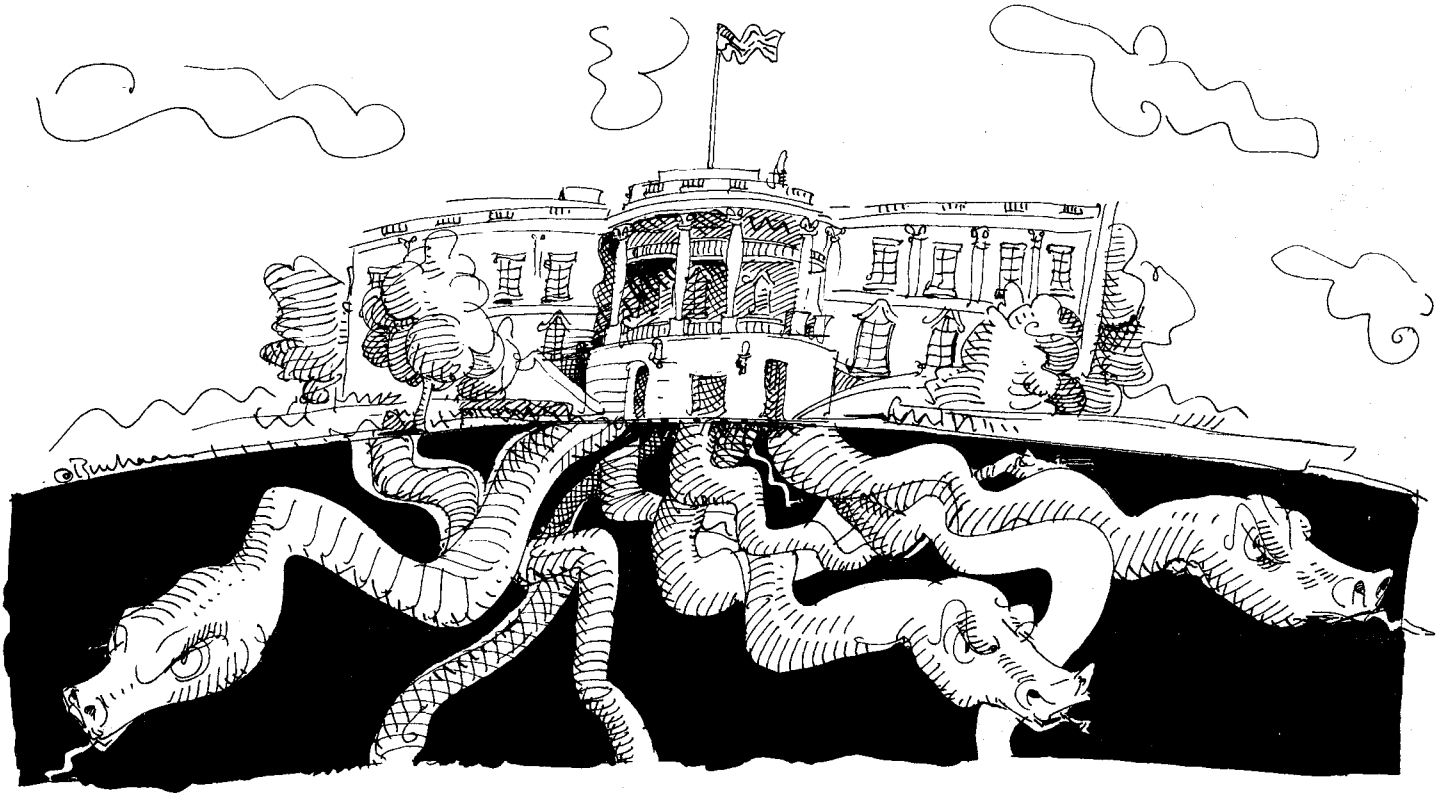
Notwithstanding the far-reaching use of presidential directives in the past, historian Anna Nelson of Tulane University believes the Reagan Administration was extraordinary in its abuse of the process. "The original N.S.C. documents were broad policy papers, with agency implementation," she said. "Some of [Reagan's] N.S.D.D.s are action documents bypassing even normal agency channels, let alone the Congress. The arrogance of this arrangement is incredible."

In the Reagan Administration, N.S.D.D.s appear to have been the backbone of hidden government. Ostensibly they are merely internal memorandums from the President to the officers of his administration. Some of them seem to be no more than that: the declassified N.S.D.D.s on preparations for summit meetings, for example. More often, however, N.S.D.D.s appear to have been issued to evade Congressional scrutiny and public debate. Worse, N.S.D.D.s have ordered actions contrary to the government's stated public policies and, on occasion, infringed on basic American liberties.

During his tenure as national security adviser, John Poindexter issued an order implementing N.S.D.D. 145, intended to limit access to what the government labeled "sensitive but unclassified" information existing in private and governmental computer data bases. (The elusive concept of "sensitive but unclassified" was never clearly defined.) Even before Poindexter's order was signed, government agents descended on the companies that put out popular commercial data bases like Lexis, Nexis and Dialog, asking for lists of their subscribers. The F.B.I. even subpoenaed the library at the State University of New York at Buffalo for information about a data base search by a foreign student.

After receiving protests about these actions from librarians and companies that compile data bases, Congress debated a proposal to override N.S.D.D. 145. That debate revealed how impenetrable the world of N.S.D.D.s has become. While testifying before a Congressional committee, N.S.C. member Kenneth de Graffenreid, who was in charge of the interagency group that drafted the N.S.D.D., suffered a lapse of memory: He could not recall any of the people with whom he had worked for eighteen months on N.S.D.D. 145. He had promised not to discuss his work on the N.S.C., he said. Poindexter, his boss at the time, took the Fifth Amendment before the legislators and refused to discuss the directive at all.

One former N.S.C. employee was not so reticent. Constantine Menges, who left the C.I.A. to work at the National Security Council from 1981 to 1983, described the drafting of the N.S.D.D. ordering the invasion of Grenada



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An N.S.D.D. Sampler

NUCLEAR WAR

N.S.D.D. 13: NUCLEAR WEAPONS EMPLOYMENT POLICY, fall 1981 (One sentence declassified.)
SUBJECT: "US policy governing the deployment and employment of our nuclear forces and their acquisition."
GENESIS: Convinced that peaceful coexistence with the Soviet Union was impossible, hawks in the new Administration insisted that the United States develop the capacity to prevail in a protracted nuclear war.
OSTENSIBLE PURPOSE: To maintain dominance over the Soviet Union at any level of escalation.
CONSEQUENCES: This directive superseded Jimmy Carter's Presidential Directive 59—which some believe included options for limited nuclear strikes. The idea of a winnable nuclear war was one justification for Reagan's $2.2 trillion arms buildup.

CENTRAL AMERICA

N.S.D.D. 17: DETERRING CUBAN MODELS/COVERT ACTION IN NICARAGUA, 11/23/81 (Classified.)
SUBJECT: The Central Intelligence Agency was given authority to create the *contras* and "work with foreign governments as appropriate" to undermine the Sandinista government of Nicaragua.
GENESIS: In July 1979, when efforts to prevent a Sandinista victory failed, the Carter Administration publicly gave the Nicaraguans economic aid—but also started C.I.A. funding of anti-Sandinista political groups. That fall, exiled Somocistas regrouped with the help of Argentine intelligence and the C.I.A. But it was the Reagan Administration's desire to roll back Communism that gave the *contra* effort impetus.
OSTENSIBLE PURPOSE: To interdict alleged flow of arms from Cuban and Nicaraguan sources to the Salvadoran rebels.
CONSEQUENCES: The C.I.A. was given $19 million to assemble and arm a force of 500 *contras* to join with 1,000 exiles already being trained by Argentina. Dozens of operatives arrived in Honduras; arms shipments from Miami began. The *contra* war was set in motion.

N.S.D.D. 77: MANAGEMENT OF PUBLIC DIPLOMACY RELATIVE TO NATIONAL SECURITY, 1/14/83 (Declassified in full.)
SUBJECT: This directive set up several planning groups to conduct "public diplomacy activities." It ordered "organizational support for foreign governments and private groups to encourage the growth of democratic political institutions and practices."
GENESIS: The Administration was concerned that U.S. public opinion did not support its Central America policy.
OSTENSIBLE PURPOSE: To mobilize international and domestic support for "our national security objectives."
CONSEQUENCES: Created propaganda ministries in the National Security Council, the State Department and the White House that concentrated on, in the words of the N.S.C. staff member in charge of the program, "gluing black hats on the Sandinistas and white hats on UNO (the contras' United Nicaraguan Opposition)." Stories were planted in the press; journalists were pressured. The General Accounting Office later found that these activities violated the law banning "covert propaganda" inside the United States.

STAR WARS

N.S.D.D. 85: ELIMINATING THE THREAT FROM BALLISTIC MISSILES, 3/25/83 (Declassified in full.)
SUBJECT: This directive ordered "an intensive effort" to "assess the roles that ballistic missile defense could play in future security strategy" and called for the formulation of specific research and development funding commitments by fiscal year 1985.
GENESIS: After fifteen years of gestation, the invention of the nuclear X-ray laser and other technologies at Lawrence Livermore Laboratory led Edward Teller and others to advocate a space-based antimissile system. Teller and an advisory group from the Heritage Foundation received President Reagan's enthusiastic support.
OSTENSIBLE PURPOSE: To "reduce world tensions and enhance stability" and to "decrease our reliance on the threat of retaliation by offensive nuclear weapons."
CONSEQUENCES: To date, at least $18 billion has been spent on a project that will cost $1 trillion to complete, according to the Center for Defense Information. Strategic Defense Initiative officials now admit it to be unworkable as originally planned. A follow-up, N.S.D.D. 119 of 1/6/84, ordered increased research spending but required the program to stay within the limits of the 1972 A.B.M. treaty until 1988.

N.S.D.D. 192, 8/85, and N.S.D.D. 261, 2/87, on S.D.I. and the A.B.M. treaty (Classified.)
SUBJECT: N.S.D.D. 192 re-examined the A.B.M.

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treaty's restrictions on space-based weapons, concluding that a looser interpretation was correct in principle. N.S.D.D. 261 acted on that conclusion, ordering U.S. negotiators at Geneva to adopt a "broad" interpretation of the treaty and not consider any proposals limiting S.D.I.
GENESIS: The exotic technologies envisioned in a full-blown Star Wars program would contravene the A.B.M. treaty. In October 1985, Robert McFarlane unexpectedly revealed that a broader interpretation was under consideration. The ensuing furor caused the Administration to delay such a shift, but pressure from those favoring early testing and deployment continued to grow.
OSTENSIBLE PURPOSE: To justify Star Wars development within the limits of the A.B.M. treaty.
CONSEQUENCES: Arms negotiations were stymied for several years, until Reagan and Gorbachev agreed to leave unresolved the issue of when and how Star Wars technologies would be tested and deployed. However, this remains a fundamental obstacle to progress on strategic arms reductions.

SPACE

N.S.D.D. 144: NATIONAL SPACE STRATEGY, 8/15/84 (Classified; "fact sheet" released.)
SUBJECT: "NASA's first priority is to make the [space shuttle] fully operational and cost-effective" by 1988, with a goal of twenty-four flights per year. It also called for a permanently manned space station within ten years.
GENESIS: Having upgraded the military's role in space, largely under S.D.I., the Administration sought to boost NASA's civilian programs as well.
OSTENSIBLE PURPOSE: To "maintain U.S. space leadership."
CONSEQUENCES: This directive put pressure on NASA to make the shuttle pay for itself while increasing the number and pace of launches. These ambitious goals and the rushed timetable may have contributed to the 1986 Challenger disaster.

SECRECY

N.S.D.D. 84: SAFEGUARDING NATIONAL SECURITY INFORMATION, 3/11/83 (Declassified in full.)
SUBJECT: This directive drastically expanded restrictions on government employees' freedom of speech. Those with access to classified information were required to sign a nondisclosure agreement; those with access to a special category of classified information were made to agree to prepublication review of any future writings. The use of polygraphs was authorized.
GENESIS: In early 1983, President Reagan complained publicly that he was "up to [his] keister in leaks," but in fact the question of how to control more tightly bureaucrats' contacts with the news media had been under study from the beginning of his Administration.
OSTENSIBLE PURPOSE: To prevent disclosure of information that could damage national security.
CONSEQUENCES: Though the polygraph section of the directive was rescinded due to Congressional opposition, secrecy restrictions were imposed on more than 4 million government employees and contractors in more than fifty executive agencies. Many reporters' contacts were shut down. Government employees' unions and members of Congress sued to protect the rights of whistleblowers, and the Supreme Court recently sent the case back to the district level for review.

TERRORISM

N.S.D.D. 138: INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM, 4/3/84 (Classified.)
SUBJECT: This directive endorsed the principle of pre-emptive strikes and retaliatory raids against terrorists and called on twenty-six Federal agencies to recommend specific measures to combat terrorism.
GENESIS: Oliver North drafted it in the wake of the October 1983 bombing of the Marine barracks in Beirut, in which 241 died.
OSTENSIBLE PURPOSE: To lessen international terrorism and free U.S. hostages in Lebanon.
CONSEQUENCES: Set up the Terrorist Incident Working Group under North in the N.S.C. Its first major action was the interception and capture of the Achille Lauro hijackers, which gave North's career an important boost. Either N.S.D.D. 138 or a subsequent N.S.D.D. on terrorism authorized the training of three Lebanese units for pre-emptive strikes. When problems arose, Director of Central Intelligence William Casey took that operation "off the books" and enlisted Saudi Arabian help in an attempt to assassinate the head of Hezbollah. A resulting car bombing killed about eighty in Beirut; Sheik Fadlallah, the target, was unhurt.

Caveat: Because N.S.D.D.s are born classified and usually remain that way, this list has been compiled from a variety of published sources, including White House "fact sheets," news reports, Peter Kornbluh's *Nicaragua: The Price of Intervention*, John Prados's *The Presidents' Secret Wars*, Robert Scheer's *With Enough Shovels* and Bob Woodward's *Veil: The Secret Wars of the C.I.A. 1981-1987.* —*E.P.*

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in his book *Inside the National Security Council.* After the execution of Maurice Bishop, the Grenadian leader, Menges, believing the Soviet Union intended to use Grenada to harbor missile-launching submarines, convinced national security adviser Robert McFarlane to call a meeting of the top-secret Crisis Preplanning Group. On October 20, 1983, Poindexter, Langhorne Motley from the State Department, Oliver North, Duane Clarridge from the C.I.A., Menges and officials from the Defense Department gathered in a high-tech operations center in the Executive Office Building, next to the White House. After other high-level discussions, North and Menges drafted an N.S.D.D. ordering the invasion. Copies were sent to President Reagan, Secretary of State George Shultz and McFarlane, who were all in Georgia for a weekend of golf. On October 23, the day of the Marine barracks bombing in Beirut, Reagan signed the N.S.D.D. and the military moved into action—all without consulting Congress.

Specific accounts like Menges's are rare. According to Harold Relyea of the Congressional Research Service, President Reagan's N.S.D.D.s took shape in various ways. Some began from the mid-level of the bureaucracy as National Security *Study* Directives (designed to analyze policy options), then worked their way through the N.S.C.'s maze of groups, subgroups and restricted groups, where they were rewritten, and eventually arrived at the Oval Office as the consensus reached by the President's advisers. Others, according to Relyea, stemmed from ad hoc discussions between the President and his advisers, after which a snap decision was made. "N.S.D.D.s reflect an ominous shift in the traditional locus of Federal decision-making. You have players from State and Defense and Justice all sitting around cutting deals," says Scott Armstrong of the National Security Archive. "The N.S.C., the bureaucratic apogee of interagency decision-making, coordinates the agencies—and since the N.S.C. director is not subject to oversight, the process circumvents Congress completely."

Representative Jack Brooks, former chair of the House Government Operations Committee, regards N.S.D.D.s as secret laws. In March 1987 he asked then-national security adviser Frank Carlucci for a list of all N.S.D.D.s issued since 1981. Carlucci refused, calling the request unprecedented, "overbroad and objectionable on legal and constitutional grounds." Speaker of the House Jim Wright, who also sought such a list, protested that "Congress cannot react responsibly to new dictates for national policy set in operation by the executive branch behind closed doors." The Speaker did not get to see the N.S.D.D.s either.

In an attempt to regain some of Congress's powers, Brooks introduced a bill a year later requiring the White House to notify the Speaker and the President pro tem of the Senate of the existence of new N.S.D.D.s. Testifying at a hearing on the bill, Representative Louis Stokes noted that N.S.D.D.s are "sometimes the only record of secret policy." He asked, "Is the secret policy of the United States the same as the public policy of the United States . . . with respect to very sensitive matters such as terrorism [and] paramilitary covert actions?" Congress, he said, needed to

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know. But the bill, introduced late in the last session and lacking widespread support, went nowhere.

When questioned last November, a Reagan White House spokesman claimed that the committees on the Hill were told about N.S.D.D.s on topics that concern them. Not so, say several senior members of Congress. Stokes, Lee Hamilton (chair of the House Iran/*contra* committee), Senator Claiborne Pell (head of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee) and several committee staff members insist that they were not informed in the Reagan years. Representative Anthony Beilenson, current chair of the House Intelligence Committee, stated that his fellow committee members have requested N.S.D.D.s from the Reagan White House and have been refused on the ground that the directives are "presidential documents."

Some critics of N.S.D.D.s, like Allan Adler, former legislative counsel of the Washington, D.C., office of the American Civil Liberties Union, argue that the directives themselves are not the danger; rather, it is their misuse by an overzealous President and National Security Council. According to Adler, the Reagan White House "had a pronounced proclivity for using N.S.D.D.s, apparently because it didn't have to make them public." He also complained about the passivity of Congress. "The press and public interest groups are constantly standing up for rights Congress hasn't insisted on for itself. Congress simply seems to want to avoid confrontations with the President over national security issues. Congress has known about some controversial N.S.D.D.s and ignored them." He cites N.S.D.D. 138 on terrorism, 196 on lie detectors and others concerning nuclear war and civil defense.

Some N.S.D.D.s may even have gone into effect without the required presidential signature. Susan Fitzgerald, a research consultant at the Fund for Constitutional Government in Washington, who has collected declassified N.S.D.D.s, notes that many were released without the White House letterhead at the top of the page and without the President's signature at the bottom. This, she speculates, is to conceal the fact that the signatures on some of them would reveal that they had been made by autopen, not by Ronald Reagan's own hand.

Although the Reagan White House insisted that N.S.D.D.s merely constitute confidential instructions from a President to his officers, that argument doesn't wash. Ronald Reagan is home on his ranch, but N.S.D.D. 84 still requires millions of government employees to sign secrecy pledges and N.S.D.D. 196 still mandates random polygraph tests for government employees with access to military secrets. N.S.D.D.s have become the de facto legislative vehicle of the national security state.

Perhaps in twenty years we will learn the contents of Ronald Reagan's secret legacies, the 200-plus N.S.D.D.s whose subject matter is still classified. In the meantime, no one knows what time bombs lie ticking among them. On February 2, George Bush issued N.S.D. 1, officially renaming the President's secret laws National Security Directives. He has already issued at least one since then, on Afghan "freedom fighters." It is secret. □

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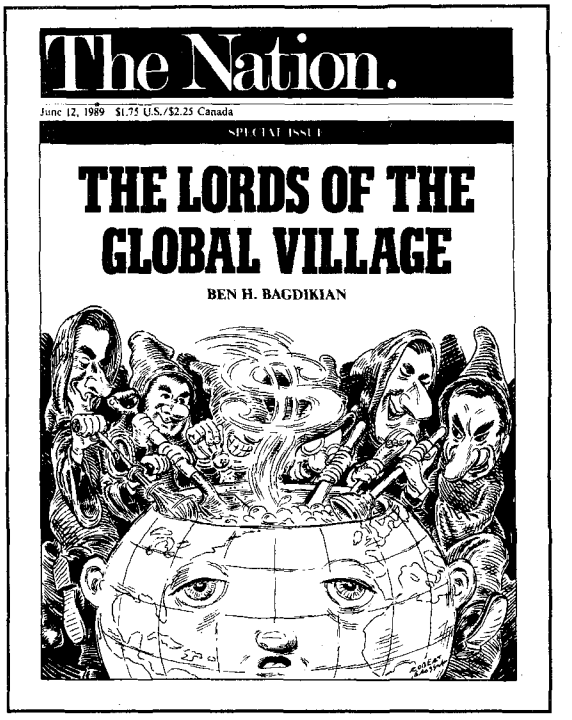

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Long March of Alan Bolt

JOAN PETERS

During the January harvest, trucks choke the roads in the mountainous region around Matagalpa, Nicaragua, where coffee is grown. Loads of *brigadistas*, volunteers from Europe, the United States, Australia and urban Nicaragua, are on their way to and from the coffee farms. At La Praga, whose twelve shareholders call it an agricultural/theater collective, the postharvest celebration is in full swing. *Campesinos*, actors, a Bengali agrarian engineer, two Californian bamboo experts, one unofficial *brigadista* and six visiting members of a Swiss funding organization are dancing to marimba music and drinking rum in the nearly completed rehearsal barn. Alan Bolt, La Praga's founder—a former member turned critic of the F.S.L.N., the Sandinista organization—is at home putting his children to bed.

With brightly colored suns and moons painted on the doors of its simple houses, La Praga looks like a hippie enclave, the comic relief in the serious drama of revolutionary Nicaragua. It is hard to imagine that Bolt, who speaks with an actor's intensity about the teachings of his Nahuatl grandmother or the power of Indian dance to evoke the connections between cosmos, community and self, has had anything relevant to say to the nine *comandantes* running the country. But in fact, Bolt's account of his tempestuous twenty-year relationship with the F.S.L.N. could be the subject of one of his own passionate plays, were he to write about the Sandinistas' evolving political identity and why, as one *comandante guerrillero* friend of Bolt's cheerfully confided to him, "Nicaragua will never be like Cuba."

In another revolution, had Alan Bolt been recruited in the first place, he would by now have been sent to a gulag with the rest of the nonconformists. But in Nicaragua, as Daniel Ortega himself has said, "everyone is a poet until proven otherwise" (and many are excellent). Art—and the artist, along with all the personal freedom she or he represents—is central to the Sandinistas' identity.

Bolt grins with nostalgia when he explains how, in the early 1970s when the F.S.L.N. asked him to join, the university city of León was wild with student revolts, marijuana, Mick Jagger and bacchanals on the beach. "And with my grandmother's Nahuatl ideas about the beauty of sexuality, I was a kind of sexual guru, part of the counterculture tour." He also ran a political street theater company in Subtiava, the Indian barrio where he lived, that was so successfully subversive that the actors were twice jailed and tortured by Somoza's National Guard. Bolt preferred working in the underground with the F.S.L.N. Leaders there were much more open-minded than their Catholic Marxist student counterparts, who "were so puritan, so orthodox, so bourgeois, they even *tried* people for sexual transgressions."

In the mid 1970s, when the F.S.L.N. split into three factions, Bolt, then known by his *nom de guerre*, Gerónimo, was suspected of starting his own when he tried to remain neutral. Having heard rumors that he might be "eliminated," he left to work among the thousands of anti-Somoza exiles in Costa Rica. Four years later, while the Sandinistas fought their final battles against Somoza, he was in Peru with a Quechua shaman restoring the spiritual harmony that their fractious politics had destroyed. On his return the F.S.L.N. named him director of the National Theater.

It's not surprising, however, that someone who thinks "It's bad enough to have a government" would have felt the Sandinistas had formed a rather too rigid and grandiose one. Ernesto Cardenal, then the Minister of Culture, expected Bolt to create *haut* European theater. "Pensamiento de rico, bolsa de pobre [big ideas, small pocketbook]," Bolt mutters in residual annoyance. "I had been working with *campesinos* and soldiers. It was ridiculous." They called him an anarchist and a populist; he called them colonialists. Bolt resigned, but the Sandinistas kept him on the payroll to direct his Nixtayolero ("New Dawn" in Nahuatl) theater company and at one time even put him in charge of propaganda. However, in 1984, having settled Nixtayolero on La Praga's thirty acres, Bolt broke with the Ministry of Culture and the A.S.T.C., the artists' union run by Rosario Murillo, President Ortega's wife. "I just got tired of making plays about bad *contras* and good revolutionaries," he explains, particularly when he didn't think the plays were all so good.

After a friend was jailed for criticizing operations of the C.D.S. (the powerful Sandinista community defense organization that dispensed ration cards and good-conduct reports), Bolt spoke out against repression and, soon after, against the abuse of *campesinos* believed to be *contra* collaborators. He complained about the unmanageably large Sandinista development projects such as the $200 million Victoria de Julio sugar refinery at Tipitapa. "They thought they could jump into socialism in two years; they thought the Miskito Indians were going to be proletarians." Many within the government agree, though they explain that having inherited a country in rubble, with U.S. aid cut and access to World Bank loans blocked, they needed quick solutions—ones European governments were ready to support. *Contra* attacks drained half their budget into defense. The Central Intelligence Agency's destabilization program (and mining of their ports) made Sandinistas see conspiracies behind every critical remark—with good reason.

Nonetheless, in the May 1986 issue of *Pensamiento Propio*, a Managua political and economic review, Bolt told an interviewer that "the petit-bourgeois Marxists from the city come to the country with the idea *campesinos* are backward and must change." He lambasted the F.S.L.N.'s "vertical structure" and price controls that alienated the *campesinos*. One F.S.L.N. friend told him the national security office was considering denouncing him as a C.I.A. agent. Another advised him to take the first plane out.

The F.S.L.N. may well have been at its most anxious that spring. The U.S. economic embargo was having devastating effects, and Congress was about to approve $100 million in *contra* aid. However, by February 1987, when Bolt gave a second, stronger interview to *El Nuevo Diario*, a progovernment newspaper, the Arias peace plan had been announced and the political climate had begun to change.

Although *El Nuevo Diario* editors appended a short note at the bottom of the interview asserting (incorrectly) that Bolt had been "expelled" from the party and had no personal relationships with the *comandantes*, Bolt was actually renewing relationships with important leaders. "I had many talks with Jaime Wheelock

Joan Peters, a novelist, teaches writing at Sarah Lawrence College.

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[the Minister of Agriculture] about the *campesinos*. He even asked me to join a national government committee to discuss it."

"You must understand, the F.S.L.N. is no monolith," Bolt says to explain the variety of responses that ensued. More and more, it seemed, as the urgency of war began to recede, the Sandinistas' natural internal differences were surfacing. After the interview, *El Nuevo Diario* printed a commentary by Wilfredo Lopez Balladares, an artist who worked for the F.S.L.N. It accused Bolt of *igualitarismo vulgar* and, as Bolt put it, "of following some Russian from the last century [Bakunin] I never heard of." The official rebuttal alleged that Bolt's search for personal freedom encroaches on the freedom of the group. The A.S.T.C. found his view counterrevolutionary. However, old F.S.L.N. friends sent telegrams saying, "You are our voice against repression," and workers taped the interview to factory walls. Bolt's play *Luna clara, luna oscura*, which mocked F.S.L.N. bureaucracy and authoritarianism, didn't get an award at the national theater festival, yet it alone received a standing ovation there.

For all their mutual reproaches, the F.S.L.N. and Bolt remain engaged, like a stern father with an uncontrollable son who acts out the father's unacknowledged self. Bolt hasn't been exiled, nor, for his part, does he support the *contras*, who horrify him, or the domestic opposition ("Throwbacks who make business in the U.S. Embassy"). But now, when Bolt calls himself a Sandinista *hasta la muerte* (until death), he means a follower of the philosophy of an ideal father, Augusto César Sandino, which are, in many ways, at the heart of his stormy relationship with the F.S.L.N.

Sandino's philosophy is rarely discussed in Nicaragua, whereas his nationalism is obsessively celebrated, as well it might be: In 1926 the former field hand for the United Fruit Company took his ragtag army to the mountains "to defend the national sovereignty against the imperialists." He held out against the Marines and the U.S.-trained Nicaraguan National Guard until 1934, when the first commander of the Guard, Anastasio Somoza, lured him down for peace negotiations, then had him shot minutes after he left the meeting.

Orthodox Sandinista historians extol Sandino's conviction that Nicaragua must oust "the eagle with larcenous claws" and also replace the *latifundio* system of large estates with agricultural cooperatives like the ones that comprised his "state within a state" in the mountains around his base camp in Wiwilí. But while the military success Sandino achieved is credited to his knowledge of the guerrilla tactics of the Niquirano Indians, the Indian beliefs he held are attibuted to some atavistic fragment of his personality. His oft-cited Argentinian biographer, Gregorio Selser, for example, wrote that his "highly spiritualistic notions are in marked contrast to Sandino's other aspect, that of a fighter."

Selser never discusses these spiritualistic notions—almost no one does—but Bolt boasts that Sandino thought his officers were reincarnated Indian chiefs and that his black-and-red colors, echoed by the F.S.L.N. flag, are Indian symbols of perpetual change. Though Indians make up only 4 percent of Nicaragua's population (mestizos, of mixed blood, are 75 percent), Bolt believes they are the basis of its traditions, traditions that made Sandino egalitarian, mystical and anti-authoritarian: "A prophet," Bolt insists, "not a lawmaker."

Sandino's spiritualism is curiously to the point, although his Indian background may have accounted for only his predilections. When he lived in Mexico, he joined not with the revolutionaries but with the Theosophists and Freemasons. (The Freemasons, not Mexico's President Portes Gil, responded to Sandino's requests for financial support.) In the 1920s both groups were part of an anticlerical movement that gravitated toward a primitive, early Christian version of Communism, and that looked askance at what Bolt would call "vertical government." Bolshevik Communism did not express Sandino's ideas. And when he dismissed Agustín Farabundo Martí, the Salvadoran Communist who was one of his top aides, Sandino's relations with the Comintern were broken.

According to a new study by historian Daniel Hodges, Sandino's political and spiritual philosophy is based on the ideas of the Basque émigré Joaquin Trincado. In Mexico Sandino became a member of the "Spiritism of Light and Truth" Provincial Cathedral of Yucatán, a branch of Trincado's Argentina-based Magnetic-Spiritual School of the Universal Commune. Sandino's 1931 "Light and Truth Manifesto" made public his commitment to an eccentric anarcho-spiritism of which Trincado had written. Trincado's ideas underlie Sandino's agricultural cooperative system as well.

Ramón de Belausteguigoitia, the Basque reporter who spent time with Sandino, thought that Sandino's followers were not bound so much by discipline or laws as by a "spiritual brotherhood of equals." Belausteguigoitia believed that this idea is what so appealed to the thousands of *campesinos* who supported Sandino. It is certainly what appeals to Alan Bolt.

Bolt thinks of himself and Sandino, both half Indian and outsiders in urban, Westernized society, as a part of the "real" Nicaragua. "My country was the mountains. Managua was like China to me," Bolt is fond of saying. He grew up among twenty Indian families who farmed at the agricultural border of the jungle. His grandmother married the English settler whose farm she worked, but she raised her children on Nahuatl myths, healed them with Nahuatl medicines and terrified the townsfolk with the mountain lion and boa constrictor she kept. His mother, whose León family descended from the conquistadors and believed in racial purity, rejected its culture to marry a mestizo mountain boy.

At age 10, when his mother died, Bolt was sent to a boarding school in Matagalpa, four days away by mule. From his view, the bourgeois culture of European families (from which many of the F.S.L.N. leaders came) was macho, violent and repressed, contemptuous of *campesinos* and Indians like himself. To judge by F.S.L.N. policy, Bolt says, that culture hasn't sufficiently changed.

Bolt is not entirely fair when he accuses the F.S.L.N. of betraying Sandino's support for *campesinos*. According to the *Europa Economic Yearbook*, a respected British reference work, "There has . . . been a significant redistribution

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of wealth since 1979, with real incomes in the countryside increasing, largely to the detriment of salaried income in urban areas." But when Bolt speaks out against bureaucratic or authoritarian tendencies in the F.S.L.N., he could almost be speaking for Sandino himself.

Just how authoritarian they are is debatable. Erick Blandón, a poet and director of Vanguardia, the F.S.L.N.'s publishing company, believes there's sufficient freedom since the Arias agreement. He did unhesitatingly tell me the A.S.T.C. is a bureaucratic failure. More to the point, last August he listed this among his criticisms to Daniel Ortega at a meeting of the A.S.T.C. writers' union. Most writers agree with Blandón. Most think Bolt demands an unrealistic purity, that he's a romantic, a visionary, a personal searcher. But then, one is tempted to ask, wasn't Sandino? Aren't you all?

Sandinista poet Giaconda Belli believes that as the "epic-heroic feeling" of the revolution fades, Nicaraguans face the existential problem of defining themselves spiritually. It is highly doubtful the F.S.L.N. will embrace Sandino's magnetic-spiritualism (or even utter the phrase), but the *comandantes* may increasingly accept the antiauthoritarian, nonconformist part of Sandino that their current picture of him denies: the part that Bolt embodies; the part so many of them had to forfeit when the bacchanals on the beaches of León in the 1970s gave way to battlefields.

Will this happen? I ask Bolt. He thinks for a moment, then laughs, remembering a lunch date at a pizzeria with his important *comandante guerrillero* friend. "We drove up in his fancy car, swept in escorted by his bodyguards, then everyone inside began to yell at him: 'Why are you driving such a nice car and I haven't even got a bicycle? How come the *comandantes* have so much money?'" Bolt pauses, enjoying the memory. "I believe the Nicaraguan people will make it happen."

Perhaps there's more than wishful thinking in his optimism. When I ask him if he's had any recent contact with the F.S.L.N., Bolt recalls that in September 1988, six months before the cease-fire and one year after the Arias peace agreement was signed, he attended a party at the home of Oscar Cabezas, his old Sandinista friend from the early days in León. It was the tenth anniversary of the C.D.S. organizations, which Cabezas now heads and which Bolt's friend had been jailed for criticizing. And which, in

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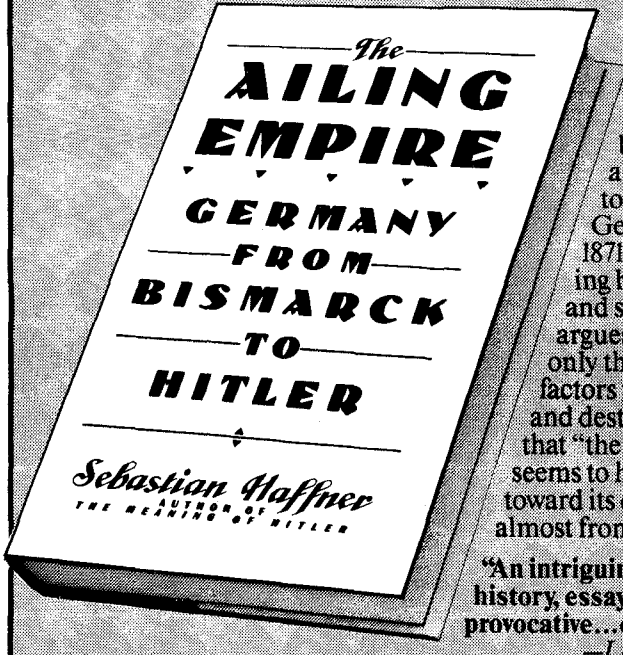

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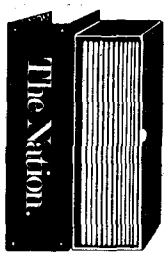

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response to criticism, no longer has the power it once had.

"I noticed a lot of people were talking to me again," he said. Then he added, as if he'd almost forgotten, his blue eyes flashing in his dark Indian face, that Daniel Ortega himself greeted him and asked how Nixtayolero was going. On hearing Bolt's report, he said, "We've made some mistakes. Keep up your work. Your theater is important for the nation." □

Those Were the Days

PAUL BUHLE

GERMAN WORKERS' CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES, 1850–1920. *Edited by Hartmut Keil. Smithsonian Institution Press. 330 pp. $24.95.*

BEYOND THE MARTYRS: A Social History of Chicago's Anarchists, 1870–1920. *By Bruce C. Nelson. Rutgers University Press. 305 pp. $37. Paper $15.*

Consider a typical German-American neighborhood on Chicago's Northwest Side during the 1870s or 1880s. New wood frame houses, squeezed together at the expense of light and ventilation, sheltered young immigrant families seeking to make a life for themselves amid the small businesses, the craft shops and the rolling mills. Often highly skilled and experienced in factory labor, members of one of the largest groups of immigrants to the United States between 1850 and 1890, they had many advantages in their daily struggles. But the steady erosion of their crafts by mechanization robbed them of an acquired blue-collar dignity, while slack seasons and low pay meant the wolf was never far from the family door. Drinking and despair hung heavy on the gray horizon. Veteran homeland agitators who visited Chicago slums reported that they had never seen such misery. Cynics called their adopted home *Malhürica* – misfortune.

In this community, versions of anarchism (they usually called it "revolutionary socialism"), took hold more deeply and completely than at any other time or place in U.S. history. In this era just before the proliferation of commercial mass culture, Chicago Germans and their allies – mostly Czechs, Scandinavians and a contingent of Yankees – allayed their private suffering through a culture of public festivals. Picnics, parades and celebrations, sometimes involving tens of thousands, filled the calendar. Political, labor and fraternal organizations marched under banners like "Private Capital Is Stolen Income," followed by elaborate floats such as one satirically depicting "The Rule of Throne, Altar and Moneybags," including two mock priests personifying "God's Plagues." Each Paris Commune Day (March 18) saw *tableaux vivants* and live theater recalling the heroic stand of the martyrs. A winter's evening might find a performance of *Die Nihilisten*, with the anarchist leader August Spies in a supporting role.

Previous accounts of Chicago's anarchists focused on the leading radical personalities, the Haymarket Square bomb explosion of May 4, 1886 and the widespread repression of anarchism that followed. The tales of Albert and Lucy Parsons; Nina van Zandt (the Vassar graduate who married August Spies while he awaited his doom); police spymaster and author Michael Schaak; brave Illinois Governor John Peter Altgeld, who in 1893 pardoned the surviving prisoners – all these seemed thoroughly documented (at least until the Charles H. Kerr Publishing Company's phonebook-sized *Haymarket Scrapbook*, issued on the centenary of the bomb-throwing, proved the subject inexhaustible.

But scholarly insiders realized that one thing in particular remained missing. The widespread radicalism of Chicago's German working-class community (as well as that of the Czechs) was known mainly by reputation, from the reports of friends and foes. Examination of the rank-and-file socialist's real daily life before and after Haymarket began in earnest when the late Herbert Gutman successfully promoted financial backing for a group of mostly young, mostly German historians. Under the leadership of Munich University's Hartmut Keil, they have during the past decade assembled and explored mountains of data about America's first centers of Marxist influence. Gutman's students, among others, had already begun to probe

Paul Buhle's most recent work is C.L.R. James: The Artist as Revolutionary *(Verso/Routledge).* The Encyclopedia of the American Left, *which he co-edited with Mari Jo Buhle and Dan Georgakas, will be published this fall by Garland.*

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the pre-Civil War origins of German-American working-class life. Its networks of Turner (gymnastic) halls, free-thought societies, German-language "progressive" schools and allied institutions provided a context for the Germans' nascent labor unions and forecast the shape of the socialist movement. Keil and his colleagues re-examined conditions in Germany before the migration, teased out the demographics of changing immigrant populations and studied, as no one had previously done, the intricate relations of their American work and home lives, their politics and culture.

The essay collection *German Workers' Culture in the United States, 1850–1920* offers us the grandest results so far of the accumulating research. (As one of the scholarly works published by the Smithsonian Institution Press, it also demonstrates the seriousness of the Smithsonian's intention to document the heretofore neglected aspects of American life.) The remarkable story told by a dozen contributors—expansive in its treatment of social arenas from factory, saloons and theater to press, library and parlor—commands our attention.

We learn more than ever before, for instance, about social life off the job, centered around the family-oriented neighborhood saloon. Here, socialist discussion found its first safe house in America. Barkeeps, often former skilled workers fired for labor activity, honored customer loyalties that included radicalism.

On the down side, this ethnic-tavern alliance reinforced the contempt that German-Americans felt for the temperance sentiment deeply interwoven in the reform movements of native-born Americans. Women reformers, many of them eager in the late nineteenth century to join some kind of socialist cause, felt uncomfortable and simply unwanted in these smoke-filled dens. But comradeships with the native-born, however greatly desired by the immigrants, were generally short-lived anyway. The Germans and their socialistic institutions endured, shaping the unions they had founded, and setting the pattern for dozens of other, later immigrant left groups in the United States. In particular, they encouraged the group that would inherit their own central role in ethnic radicalism, providing the emerging radical Jewry of the 1880s and 1890s with successful institutional models, seed money and an abundance of advice.

In the effort to transform American society, however, these strengths were also weaknesses. In his important study *Beyond the Martyrs*, historian Bruce C. Nelson offers strategic insights into socialist dilemmas. While immigrant German working people used socialist ideas to create a rich soup of institutions to sustain a life for themselves and their families, they were at the same time insulated psychologically against uncomfortable realities. The most formidable of these were the Irish. Not that Irish-Americans proved impermeable to class-conscious concepts; they peopled the Knights of Labor, America's heroically all-inclusive labor movement. But Irish Catholic fears of radical atheism, exaggerating the distance between Irish and German labor-political styles, precipitated damaging feuds in central labor federations and in neighborhood mobilization. The two groups could work together, in limited but important ways, for the eight-hour-day, and even (briefly) for labor candidates such as Henry George, who finished well ahead of third-placed Theodore Roosevelt in the race for Mayor of New York City in 1886. But political alliances, inherently fragile, never extended beyond municipal reform to lift the socialist movement out of its isolation.

No doubt the Germans' difficulties with the Irish mirrored a larger problem for immigrant socialists in the United States. Friedrich Engels made this point to whoever would listen. The Germans had failed to adapt to their environment, he complained, and their socialist movement proved worse than useless. Unfortunately, Engels had no magic wand to turn Irish and native-born American workers into class-conscious socialists who could meet the Germans halfway. Like Marx before him and so many others after, he tended to judge the American socialist movement not by its real human resources but by an abstract model of what it should have been.

Nelson shows us something different and far more useful. Paul Avrich keenly noted in *The Haymarket Tragedy* that revolutionary socialists adopted some of the natural rights arguments of American reformers for good reason. Traditional American as well as German working-class freedoms, in community and factory, were being submerged by the great corporations and the growing armed power of the state. Contrary both to those who advocated piecemeal reforms and to the customary Marxist optimism about the future of industrial society, many German-American revolutionaries knew that time was running out. They had to expect swift social change simply to maintain their revolutionary élan.

For a few years, in the middle 1880s, revolution appeared to be on the way. But the Red scare following Haymarket, and above all the apparent indiffer-

ONE STORY

Always somewhere in the story
which up until now we thought
was ours whoever it was
that we were being then
had to wander out into
the green towering forest
reaching to the end of
the world and beyond older
than anything whoever
we were being could remember
and find there that it was
no different from the story

anywhere in the forest
and never be able to tell
as long as the story was there
whether the fiery voices
now far ahead now under
foot the eyes staring from
their instant that held the story
as one breath the shadows
offering their spread flowers
and the chill that leapt from its own
turn through the hair of the nape
like a light through a forest

knew the untold story
all along and were waiting
at the right place as the moment
arrived for whoever it was
to be led at last by the wiles
of ignorance through the forest
and come before them face
to face for the first time
recognizing them with
no names and again surviving
seizing something alive
to take home out of the story

but what came out of the forest
was all part of the story
whatever died on the way
or was named but no longer
recognizable even
what vanished out of the story
finally day after day
was becoming the story
so that when there is no more
story that will be our
story when there is no
forest that will be our forest

W.S. Merwin

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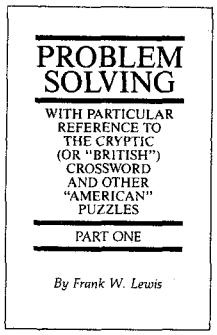
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ence of most Americans to the fate of the Haymarket martyrs, killed these hopes. German socialist institutions turned inward, revolutionary anticipation became martyrology, and nostalgia (for the 1880s and for the homeland) emerged as the major ideological and emotional preoccupation for men and women barely in their 30s. Perhaps some of us appreciate that last point better now than we could have twenty years ago.

Suicides were said to be common among the militants of 1886, and although this claim cannot be proved, it has the ring of truth. Yesterday's Abbies, warriors and clowns for the "festival of the oppressed" (Lenin's apt phrase) came to know despair as intimately as they once knew anticipation. In a last, poignant chapter, Nelson seeks to move beyond nostalgia by examining German contributions to the turn-of-the-century Chicago labor movement. This makes sense, but we can still recognize the emotional legitimacy of seeking to retain, and to pass on, images of that rare moment when everything seemed possible. □

FILMS.

STUART KLAWANS

Scenes From the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills
Landlord Blues
Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade

The sound track swells with a rapturously bad waltz. The screen, awash in overripe reds, seems to render every object it presents into something pristine and untouchable. Even squalor, were such a thing to figure in the plot, would be a clean, shiny, brand-new squalor.

Into this impossible setting step characters as readily defined as the members of a *commedia* troupe. Well before they speak—which they do in tones tending toward the clear and well-rounded, no matter the occasion—you can already identify these people. They are the aging but still-beautiful actress, who hurts inside; the abandoned housewife, looking for love or the next best thing; the playwright, as unworldly as he is untalented; the social-climbing tramp, complete with heart of gold; and, of course, the hired help, with their darker skins and fiery temperaments. Is this *Imitation of Life*, with Lana Turner lending her glamour and good will to those poor colored people? Close. It's *Scenes From the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills*, Paul Bartel's brilliantly executed new farce.

My first temptation is simply to say that I laughed myself into liquefaction and urge you to go do the same. No one with a decent respect for bad taste will want to miss this movie. That the film really *is* about class, race and polymorphous sexuality is almost beside the point. When a picture gives you the funeral of a dog (open casket, of course) with Michael Feinstein presiding at the piano, you might as well give up and be entertained. But then, a responsible critic (if responsibility may be mentioned in this context) would have to account for the level of entertainment, the lighter-than-air mixture of acting, script and direction that gets the farce apparatus off the ground. *Scenes From the Class Struggle* is laden with characters, subplots, movie in-jokes, political messages; and yet it floats, like a mansion pumped full of pressurized helium.

At the heart of the picture are two grandes dames of Beverly Hills and their two housemen. Clare (Jacqueline Bisset), a one-time television actress who wants to make a comeback, has recently been widowed. Her next-door neighbor, Lisabeth (Mary Woronov), is similarly uncoupled, having broken for the umpteenth time with her husband, Howard (Wallace Shawn). When Clare invites Lisabeth to spend the weekend, she also brings Lisabeth's houseman into her mansion, thereby setting off the plot.

Frank (Ray Sharkey) is the sort of wiseguy jack-of-all-trades who claims to have done everything from driving long-haul trucks to writing poetry, and might well be telling the truth. As he explains to Clare's houseman, Juan (Robert Beltran), he has spent his life crossing the line between servants and masters, and it never ceases to amaze him that there's nothing different on the other side. In that spirit, Frank proposes a wager: He will try to seduce Juan's boss, while Juan in turn tries to seduce Lisabeth. The payoff for Juan will be $5,000, which he needs to settle a gambling debt. The payoff for Frank will be a night with Juan.

Now, Juan can't imagine sharing his bed with Frank; but he has to get some money, and besides, he really wants Lisabeth. Before you know it, he's rehearsing his smoothest lines: "We're from different stratagems of society. But I want to cross over, like Ruben Blades." As the good-natured, painfully sincere Juan launches into his campaign of seduction, Frank be-

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gins a far more self-assured approach to Clare. Unfortunately, she is on a diet; Frank's smoldering good looks and studded leather jacket hold her interest only so long as there is no chocolate in the room.

Clare *can* be distracted, though, by Lisabeth's brother Peter (Ed Begley Jr.), a famously unsuccessful playwright who has joined the weekend house party. With Peter is his bride (Arnetia Walker), a full-figured black woman whom he's known for exactly five days. "This is To-bel," Peter proudly informs his sister. "Pleased to meet you," Lisabeth replies, then turns straight back to her brother and says, "I'm *so* looking forward to meeting your wife." To-bel, trouper that she is, takes this in stride. So long as she has a shot at Rodeo Drive, she seems willing to put up with anything. But then, Peter starts to show a sentimental interest in Clare, while To-bel's own most recent flame unexpectedly shows up.

As you can guess from even this stripped-down account, beds get hopped, reputations get ruined, the high and the low get thoroughly mixed up and the characters come out of it better for their pains, just as they should in melodrama. Never mind that this is a parody of melodrama—it's a *good* parody, so the same rules apply. When Douglas Sirk made *Imitation of Life* he turned the big-budget, three-handkerchief picture into a dramatically outrageous work of social criticism. With *Scenes From the Class Struggle*, Paul Bartel is thus travestying something that was, in a sense, already a travesty. The films match not only in outward style but in spirit; the main difference is that Bartel is free, as Sirk was not, to make his points explicitly and to play them for laughs.

There are so many laughs, coming from so many directions, that I don't quite know where to begin giving my thanks. Bruce Wagner's screenplay deserves a large share of the credit. Working within the framework of the most artificial of genres, his script knowingly proceeds to set up plays within plays, dream sequences, plots and counterplots and heaped-up character revelations, all with the most fittingly tacky insouciance. After all, the film is set in a milieu where sitcom pilots have the status of high art. You can't expect nuance.

Nor is nuance the proper concern of the actors. Their business is to throw themselves into the outlandish goings-on without a shred of self-consciousness, which they do down to the lowest-billed. Bisset is something of a revelation; given the chance to look ridiculous, she seizes it with the white-knuckled avidity of a great beauty who is determined not to let her career fade with her looks. On the evidence of *Scenes From the Class Struggle*, we can look forward happily to seeing forty years of Bisset in character roles. Wallace Shawn, by contrast, has long since established his talent for silliness. But as Howard, Lisabeth's drunken louse of a husband, Shawn outdoes himself. The character has only two modes—brutal candor and an equally aggressive remorse—and Shawn darts between the two states like a wind-up toy run out of control. In the role of Rosa, Edith Diaz gets to play a Toltec maid much given to statements such as, "Make your heart a sword, not a spoon." She manages this by letting her jaw remain firm and dignified, while her eyes, having slipped out of focus, stare at God knows what.

But the list is growing too long. Everybody is good, including Alex Tavoularis, who designed the production, and Stanley Myers, who composed the lushly hideous music. *Scenes From the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills* lives up to its title and down to its genre; and, as if that were not enough, it even has a moral. As the amiable Juan says, when he finds himself at last in Frank's embrace, "You know, you stick around long enough and you wind up doing the craziest things."

HOMECOMING

It sounds so much like joy,
the boisterous honking of the geese returning,
coming back to the lake.

It always catches us unprepared,
at our desk or in the garden,
like uninvited, but always welcome guests.

Moving to the window, or turning
to wipe our brow, we watch their long-held
chevron or arrowhead descend,

to take a triumphant lap around
the lake. The water will be stretched
like foil, the sun glinting gold into the trees.

We know this feeling ourselves,
arriving home after a long vacation,
and pushing the horn to nothing

but an empty house. So we pause
from our afternoon tasks and watch
this renewal of old intimacies,

the geese testing the water,
the dock, the small pebbly shore.
By the time we are standing

on the little beach, the honking
all around us now, we hope that,
in some way, they are glad to see us too.

But it doesn't matter. More
and more of them are sliding
out of the sky, coming back,

and all making noise, so that the joy
we feel is in ourselves—
standing by a lake in very late summer,

as another season
rounds the sun
perfectly on schedule.

Peter Schmitt

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Perhaps the contrast is too neat, but I can't help calling Jacob Burckhardt's *Landlord Blues* a set of *Scenes From the Class Struggle on the Lower East Side.* The film is currently enjoying a brief run at Anthology Film Archives in New York City and should be popping up elsewhere on the low-rent art-film circuit, where it is to be welcomed for its relaxed, unpretentious charm.

Burckhardt is not above playing genre-studies jokes; every once in a while, he chooses to enliven the proceedings with a campy shock cut or *film noir* camera placement. But, in general, his camera is as free of goal-orientation as are most of his lower Manhattan characters. Though they are trying to wrest a place to live from rapacious landlords, these characters get easily distracted by a cold Budweiser; and, just so, the camera sometimes forgets to follow the people and gets caught up instead with a cat in somebody's backyard.

The story, which Burckhardt wrote in collaboration with William Gordy, pits a bike-shop owner named George (Mark Boone Jr.) against an all-too-believable landlord named Streck (Richard Litt). The former is the very image of the *schlemiel*: bland-faced, irresolute, incurably nice. The latter is a balding, musclebound bag of aggression who seems to sweat insincerity from every pore. The most humane gesture Streck can imagine is to veil a threat, and he can't often be bothered with even that much civility. When George and his boho friends decide to fight back against Streck, the contest is ludicrously unequal, even though the landlord can't cross the street without committing an indictable offense.

People in other parts of the country who are skeptical about the Lower East Side's housing battles, or who may have grown weary of hearing about them, might note the recent eviction of squatters from East 8th Street, which led to demonstrations and arrests. A resident has told me of mysterious fires in the squatters' buildings and elsewhere—the sorts of fires that unaccountably break out on top-floor landings. The Strecks of this world are all too real; so are the people they drive onto the streets. I'm sorry to say that *Landlord Blues*—a film that is as angry as it is airily funny—is likely to remain topical.

On the topic of more of the same: Steven Spielberg's *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* threatens for most of its length to be indistinguishable from the previous two installments. All that's changed is that Harrison Ford looks older and a bit tired of his rigors; the pace, though still fairly relentless, has slowed just a beat, while the Rube Goldberg machinery of hairbreadth escapes has become noticeably creaky. The love interest, who once was played by Karen Allen in the role of a Yankee adventuress, has degenerated into Alison Doody as an Aryan slut. As for the plot, it again involves an archeological artifact of supreme religious power, which is pursued by Nazis and protected by many expendable dark-skinned people.

That said, I have to confess that I enjoyed some stretches of the film, thanks to the efforts of a single man: Sean Connery. While there is breath left in him, I hope no one will ever again make an action-adventure picture without calling on his services. Here are grace and wit and self-confidence, a capacity for heroism that is all the more believable for Spielberg's cunning decision to have Connery play a rather clumsy old professor. As a result, you have scenes of unforced humor for the first time in the Indiana Jones series. To me, that makes this by far the best of these films, as well as the appropriate moment to express my gratitude for Connery's existence. *The Last Crusade* leads us to believe that Indiana Jones, when he grows up, will be just like Connery. Would that it were so. ☐

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

Starmites
The Vigil

The desperate state of the Broadway theater was recently vividly satirized at a press conference at Sardi's Restaurant, at which the nominations for this year's Tony Awards were announced. The occasion was a virtual admission of the extinction of the musical, the only two viable offerings in that category—*Jerome Robbins' Broadway* and *Black and Blue*—being bookless revues reprising former glories. The only other nominee, *Starmites*, is so deficient in the essentials of musical comedy—i.e., music and comedy—that the judges were obliged to eliminate the categories of Best Book and Best Original Score from this year's ballot.

Starmites doesn't quite amount to

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theatrical aversion therapy the way *Legs Diamond* did, and though one has to marvel at its presence on the Tony list, its creators ought not to be blamed that no one else in the past year came nearer the mark. *Starmites* is innocuous fun, simple-minded but good-natured, and vigorously performed. Both in what it sends up (comic-book heroes of the generic Supernonentity variety) and in what it affirms (girls can be as macho as boys), *Starmites* is strictly for teeny-boppers. Grown-ups in the audience can compensate for the bubble-gum banality of Stuart Ross and Barry Keating's book by smirking at the double-entendres of Sharon McNight's body English and the campy antics of two mini-chorus lines, the Banshee women in heavy metal dominatrix uniforms and the NutraSweet (i.e., saccharine but tolerable) Starmites, among whom Christopher Zelno was cutest of all. The constant tension between the Twinkie-flavored book and the kinky subtext gave the performers just enough affective momentum to get from one song to the next; these, by Barry Keating, ranged from so-so to pretty good, with one or two mountain peaks of solid rock (albeit of the Alpine or Euro-pop variety). Is *Starmites* worth seeing? For those with a thirst for musicals, there's never been a drier season, and after a long diet even a Whopper can taste like a bite of Eden's original apple. It would help if you've got money to burn and a couple of 11-year-olds to bring along as an excuse for your being there. *Tolerant* 11-year-olds.

Before I begin to lavish praise on the new production by the RAPP Arts Center, Charles J. Jenkins's *The Vigil*, I must confess to a possible conflict of interest, since the next play RAPP will be doing is my own adaptation of Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*. Ordinarily, mum would be the word, but *The Vigil* is so good, and so little likely to win for its Philadelphia playwright the attention he deserves (its run is limited, and critics are often shy to venture as far as RAPP's home on East 4th Street) that I will risk the appearance of impropriety. There simply aren't enough good playwrights around that the New York debut of such a striking talent should go unremarked.

The Vigil is a ninety-minute one-act with three characters: Andy, a wino with a direct hot line to God, among other neural short circuits; and Sonny and Wes, a pair of rapists on the lam from the police who take refuge in the basement of the derelict tenement where Andy has hidden in a closet. (The set by David Cooney registers as the Spirit of Loisaida Avenue, the bleeding wound of a gutted building.) After Wes and Sonny have said more than they should, they discover Andy and come to a half-spoken understanding that he will have to be killed. For the rest of the play there is a shifting balance of menace, as the hulking, doltish Sonny (played by Raphael Nash, with an unnerving falsetto whine) strains at the bit to club Andy to death expeditiously, while Wes (Tyrone Wilson in a spellbinding performance), a sadist as self-aware as any Iago, toys with the old man, prodding him with shots of vodka to tell the (possibly fake) story of his career as a merchant seaman. Charles Halden as Andy more than holds his own against his menacers, and the playwright teases out the suspense expertly. The audience is certain the worm will turn, but when and how violently are left in doubt.

The ending, alas, is marred by an unnecessary (and unpersuasive) surprise, which, if I were directing, I would simply lop off. But of course such radical surgery must be against the rules, else all tragedies would have happy endings. (It would also be unwise for me to put such anarchic ideas into the mind of Jeffrey Cohen, who'll soon be directing *my* play.) Cohen shares his directorial credit with the actors, all three of whom turn in performances that seem so authentic they are scary.

Not just make-believe scary: *scary* scary. Which is probably the reason *The Vigil*, for all its purely technical merits as stagecraft, has had to wait so long (it was written in 1981 and debuted in 1987 at the Philadelphia Drama Guild, where it won an award for its author) to reach a New York stage. Not only is its subject matter rebarbative but it is offered at full strength and without palliatives. The kitchen-knife realism of Charles Jenkins is not likely to be received with hosannas. Jenkins's double portrait of the snakelike Wes and the hollow-hearted Sonny adds up to the most persuasive mapping of the rapist mentality I know of, but Jenkins doesn't present his theme as a problem susceptible to solution; rather it is a tragedy of remorseless and inexorable logic.

The Tony nominees for Best Play this season were the delightful farce *Lend Me a Tenor*, the smarmy soap-operatic monologue *Shirley Valentine*, the well-

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crafted but unexciting *Heidi Chronicles* and Bill Irwin's *Largely New York*, which got my *faute de mieux* vote. If the American Theater Wing would bite the bullet of admitting all plays produced in New York for Tony consideration, my own short list of nominees would retain only *Largely New York* and add *The Cocktail Hour*, *Phaedra Britannica* and *The Vigil*. That's a range of choices that might bear pondering. The present system simply aims the spotlight at the threadbare condition, verging on nakedness, of Broadway theater. □

EXCHANGE.

(*Continued From Page 834*)

dollar and volunteer-hour matched for the cause of sexual liberation and civil rights, and for support for the victims of sexual oppression. Sweeney's claim that "overall funding for gay organizations has risen"—so has inflation—because of the gay community's organizing around AIDS is deceitful. Reaganesque trickle-down sentimentality cannot disguise the fact that G.M.H.C., which serves New York City alone, boasts an $11 million budget, more than eleven times the yearly income of, say, the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, the only lobbying and educational organization of its kind. Nor can such arguments justify, for all the AIDS movement's vaunted feminist and racially charitable rhetoric in the pages of *The Nation*, the discrepancy between donations to AIDS organizations whose boards, staffs and clientele are mainly male and white, and the incomes of groups that serve black and Latino men and women, whose communities in New York and Newark, for example, are burdened with the highest number of people with AIDS and HIV infection. The 1989 budget of New York City's Minority Task Force on AIDS, the city's only G.M.H.C.-type group for racial minorities, is $350,000.

On a men's room wall at New York University there was, a few weeks ago, this exchange:

"KILL ALL FAGS!" (Big angry caps.)

"Then alas we all must die." (Fine script.)

The simple truth of this reply above a urinal more and more eludes "gay" and AIDS activists, as it always and opportunely has escaped "straights." The whole point of gay liberation—as many of us, however confused, bought into it way back when—was to free all of us from the suppression of our natural desire for the same and the other sex. It was the ultimate "feminism," the final liberation from gender roles that prescribed which genitals could sleep with which other genitals and, by extension, how bodies attached to any particular genitalia should function spiritually and socially, how they should walk, talk, dress. It allowed a choice of work boots or heels, butch or femme, for every body, regardless of penis or vagina—organs given us by the gods without instructions, anyway. Radical shifts of power and moral responsibility. A revolution as terrifying as death. All of us, "gay" and "straight," backed off, all victims and collaborators.

The betrayal of gay liberation, of gender liberation, did not begin with AIDS. The politics of AIDS hastened and hardened it, preying on the madness of erotic guilt, with an excuse impossible to argue against: "We're dying!" While the terror of AIDS is being used to kill freedom, we cooperate. We might have had it both ways—AIDS activism in its right place *and* a battlefield for sexual liberty and all the freedoms that derive from it. We might have it both ways still, if we were to yield to the men and women who've spoken most compassionately in the midst of this debate—"gay" and AIDS activists like Jewelle Gomez, Rosemary Kuropat, Albert Cunningham, Brett Averill, Michael Callen, Gregory Kolovakos—and if we were to submit to the nurturing sanity of men like Andrew Norman and Gore Vidal, though I despair that the voices of such visionaries will ever predominate.

This is hard for us all. We must find our hearts in it. *Darrell Yates Rist*

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A	F	T	E	R	■	T	H	E	■	S	T	O	R	M
R	■	I	■	E	■	U	■	R	■	T	■	C	■	E
Y	I	E	L	D	E	D	■	B	R	E	A	K	E	R

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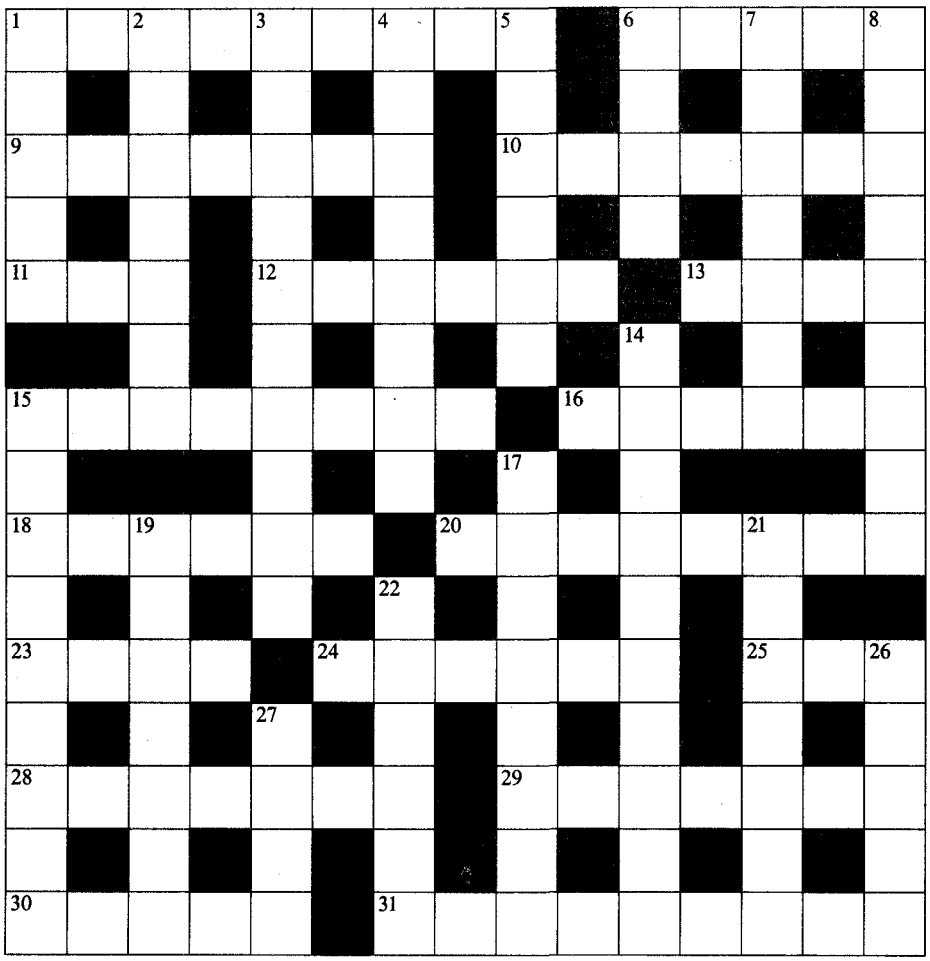
Crossword Puzzle No. 2247

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 6 Chinese ball might show off a lot of stars. (9,5)
9 Is lager bad for people living here? (7)
10 Have a rather impatient fling, but dress with it, perhaps. (7)
11 Bag a little fox? (3)
12 One might be expected to carry brown ale, at least! (6)
13 and 15 Who wrote of him? Hunt the one who hoped that his 26 would increase. (4,3,5)
16 In France, "good" is a bad word for one with a very little trunk! (6)
18 White ones were supposed to have birds of a different color over them after WW II. (6)
20 More than "darned skillful" but rather pernicious. (8)
23 Like something added to the letter by viperish types? (4)
24 Strike rather wildly, with something to make you safe yet unsafe! (3,3)
25 See 1 down
28 In panic, our tedious manner is seen to be sought after. (7)
29 Like an Indian hunter when his ark is wrecked on one. (7)
30 See 8 down
31 Is one of these chased by those who evidently look for no fruit? (4,5)

DOWN

1 and 25 across Cocaine, grass—one must be insane! (8)
2 Take weight off? (7)
3 Twenty paces might be, as one did after the bus ride. (7,3)
4 Desert in trouble? Put in for this! (8)
5 Brought up when it fled, in a way. (6)
6 and 14 If so, you shouldn't pay such a one to behave—though a ne'er-do-well. (4-3-7)
7 It might have reprints of several works, which carries a lot of people along. (7)
8 and 30 across What the President is supposed to keep—this probably being written. (9,5)
14 See 6 down
15 His best known work is contained in "Out of the Shade Came Ronald." (9)
17 What a party—awakening just under a hundred! (8)
19 Perhaps upon getting a dim sort around it, put the dog away! (7)
21 Sounds like you arrived at the airport this way, but with a somewhat old-fashioned type of aircraft. (7)
22 Rather bland, we might be considered upset with such signs of spoilage. (6)
26 Everyone in it should have a common ancestor. (5)
27 In general one marks the lowest rank, yet one might be shown by 1 and 6 across. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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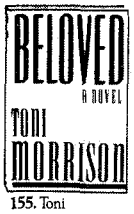

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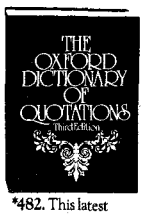

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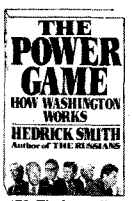

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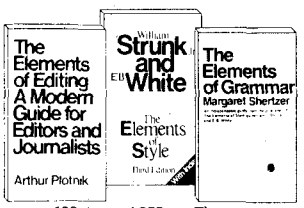
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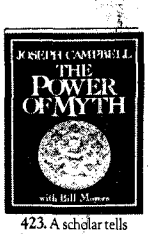

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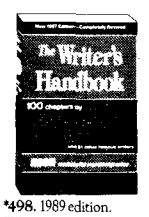

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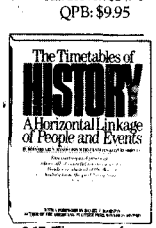

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